EARTH FIRST!

LUGHNASADH EDITION

August 1, 1985 Vol. V, No. VII

THE *RADICAL* ENVIRONMENTAL JOURNAL TWO DOLLARS

BATTLE FOR MILLENIUM GROVE

Giant Crane Attacks Tree Sitter

Deputies storm Ron Huber's platform 80 feet high. Photo by Mike Jakubal.

By Ron Huber

Part One

With a *WHOOSH-CRACK!!* a great old Doug fir swatted the earth and exploded apart before my eyes. The mighty limbs, torn to pieces, sprayed about like roadkill viscera, much to the delight of a small mob of Freddies. They turned toward each other, smirking, and I roared into the shocked air. Their pale oval faces turned up toward me. From eighty feet in the air, Freddies look like Boy Scouts.

I gave the assembled brownshirts the appropriate digital salute and hurled a grapple into the upper branches of my neighbor, the cedar.

The grapple, a pair of spikes knotted together on the end of a long anchor rope, flew twenty feet and fell across a thick cedar branch. I tugged the rope and the grapple snugged into the crotch of branch and trunk. I gave it a hard yank — nope, it wouldn't break loose . . . .

Quickly, I lashed the end of the grapple line to my platform's suspension rope.

"Hey, Freds!" The four Boy Scout faces skewed back toward me: Carla Jones, Freddess investigator/federal agent; Jim Christiansen, Eugene special agent-in-charge and tree spiking investigator (who looks like George Bush); Dale Wilson, USFS fire management officer; and a weathered ranger I knew as Dick Olsen.

"Cut this tree *here*," I pointed to my anchored neighbor, the cedar, "and this platform I'm on is gonna bite the dust!" The Freddies gaped. The Battle of Millenium Grove was on.

Willamette Industries, a major forest killer based in Portland has been taking advantage of the current political climate by putting hundreds of acres of wild forest to death. The grind the ancient forest giants into pulp for brown paper bags, middle-aged trees into 2x4's and plywood, and the young into poles and pulp chips.

Like other cancers, Willamette Industries is spreading. From a small outfit in the Oregon Coast Range (now largely deforested), the company has metastasized across Oregon and into Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and Louisiana. Willamette owns 224,000 acres of Oregon forest and a slightly larger amount in the southern states.

Willamette is one of the big powers of Oregon. Its corporate interlocks include First Interstate Bank of Oregon, Tektronix, Standard Insurance Company, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Pacific Power & Light, Oregon Portland Ce-

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Money!

Yes, the old long green is immediately needed for a variety of important Earth First! projects. The following are the places where your hard-earned money will do hard work (read about these issues in separate articles):

Oregon Earth First!, 520 NW 17th St., Corvallis, OR 97330.

Montana Earth First!, Rt. 1 Box 44K, St. Ignatius, MT 59865

Howie Wolke Legal Defense Fund, Box 7058, Jackson, WY 83001

Tax-deductible contributions can be sent to the Earth First! Foundation, POB 6206, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

The folks on the front lines can't operate without your financial support. All money goes for actual expenses — gas, phone, postage, equipment, legal fees, etc.; no salaries are paid. Please be generous, and act today!

YELLOWSTONE AND THE THREE BEARS

Earth First! Tells NPS Not to Mess with Grizz' Porridge

By Christoph Manes

Yellowstone Park Rangers donned their Dudley Do-Right hats and arrested eight people and a bear July 9th for distributing leaflets without a permit, and for the more sublime charge of conspiracy to distribute leaflets without a permit, as Earth First! began its campaign to protect the grizzly from extinction. Of course, the rangers eventually became aware that it wasn't a bear but a man in a bear suit, which was fortunate for the impostor since Park officials seem intent on exterminating the genuine ursiform. And it was just for this reason that twenty-five Earth First!ers-cum-Ursa First!ers decided to pay our National Park a visit and register profound disapproval in some creative way.

In particular we wanted to publicize the fact that Park officials have illegally kept open the Fishing Bridge facility, a development that sits on superb grizzly habitat. And the bears know it: since 1972, 44% of all confrontations between bears and humans have occurred here. The Yellowstone Master Plan acknowledges the problem, requiring that Fishing Bridge be closed in exchange for a new facility at Grant Village (the site of our protest). The latter is now operational, but naturally Park Service bureaucrats aren't about to give up the

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Bears try to reclaim Grant Village development. Photo by David Cross.

EARTH FIRST!

NO COMPROMISE IN THE DEFENSE OF MOTHER EARTH!

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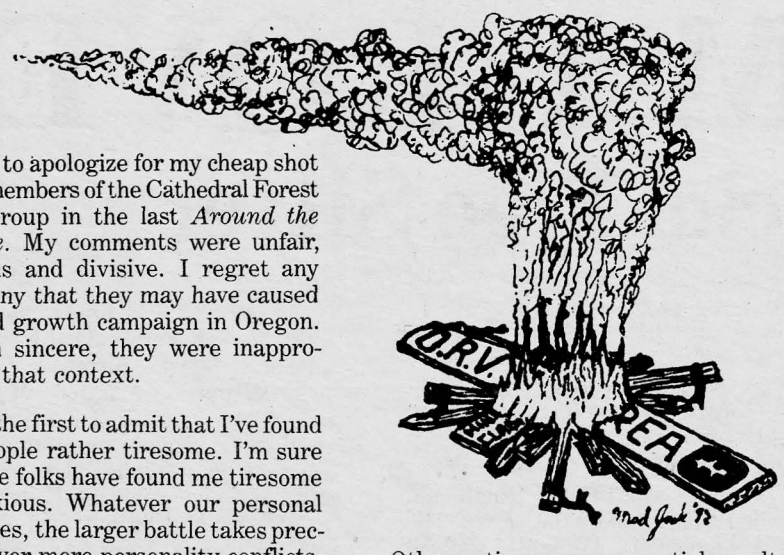
Around the Campfire



I'd like to apologize for my cheap shot at some members of the Cathedral Forest Action Group in the last *Around the Campfire*. My comments were unfair, gratuitous and divisive. I regret any disharmony that they may have caused in the old growth campaign in Oregon. Although sincere, they were inappropriate in that context.

I'll be the first to admit that I've found some people rather tiresome. I'm sure that some folks have found me tiresome or obnoxious. Whatever our personal differences, the larger battle takes precedence over mere personality conflicts. I think we as a movement can be proud of our maturity in working as well together as we have.

It is, of course, the work that counts. And the work goes on — spectacularly, I might add. The recent actions of the tree climbers in Oregon — Ron, Valerie, Doug Fir, and the rest — represent the best of our species, and the folks involved are deserving of taking a place in any pantheon of heroes and heroines.

A second major Earth First! front has also been opened with the arrest of 9 Earth First!ers in Yellowstone National Park. I sense a major commitment to taking a stand in the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem. If we can't protect Yellowstone as an intact ecosystem, we can't save anything in the lower 48.

Other actions — as a partial result of the Round River Rendezvous — are brewing in Montana, Arizona and elsewhere.

Engaging in the dangerous and stressful activity of direct action can be exhausting. You work your heart out to save a particular tree or piece of ground, and when you "lose," you wonder what it was all for. Was it just a media stunt, an ego trip? Was it a waste because you didn't "succeed" in your immediate goal? I think you have to go beyond that.

One real benefit of engaging in direct action is personal growth, of course. Although important to the individual, this is a minor aspect, I believe. The Brownie Points you chalk up are for you, but your significance pales beside that of the old growth forest, the grizzly, or the Grand Canyon. Protection of a place is the bottom line. Excessive emphasis on the personal growth element is *Me First!*, not *Earth First!*.

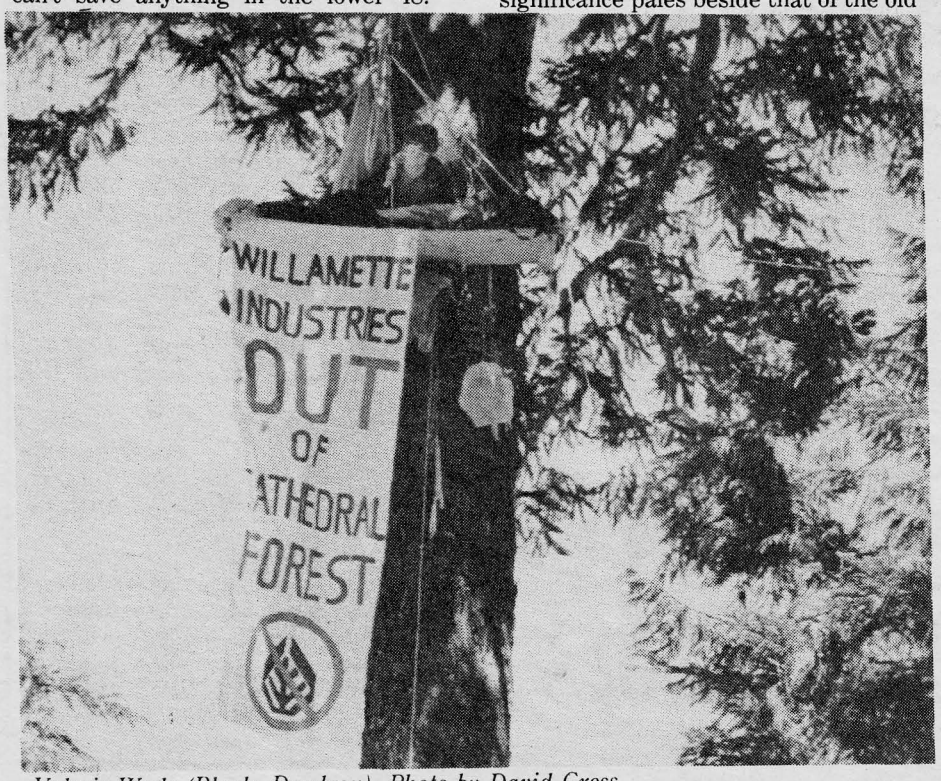
The land is what counts. Despite the trees that have fallen out from under Earth First!ers in Oregon, old growth has become a major state-wide issue there. The public has been aroused. Other environmental and outdoor groups are being spurred into action. The Forest Service doubtlessly has pulled back on some of their more egregious plans to dismember the Cathedral Forests. Old Growth ecosystems have been — and will be — saved in Oregon because of the tree-climbers, the bulldozer-blockers, the dynamite-sitters.

You've done a good job, friends.

My old buddy, Howie Wolke, has earned the dubious distinction of being the first Earth First!er arrested for monkeywrenching. Howie is accused of pulling some survey stakes along a proposed oil & gas exploration road in a crucial roadless area in Wyoming. The powers that be are out to get Howie and make an example of him. For this alleged crime, Howie is facing a felony rap. His legal expenses are going to cost some bucks. Send whatever contribution you can to his legal defense fund at POB 7058, Jackson, WY 83001.

Be sure to get out into a wilderness this summer. But if you're stuck in town for an evening or two, go see two magnificent movies: *The Gods Must Be Crazy,* and *The Emerald Forest.* I'll bet you didn't think there were any commercial motion pictures made from an Earth First! perspective. There are. These two.

—Dave Foreman



Valerie Wade (Rhoda Dendron). Photo by David Cross.

SCHEDULE

***Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal* is published 8 times a year on the old pagan European nature holidays: Samhain (November 1), Yule (December 21 or 22), Brigid (February 2), Eostar (March 21 or 22), Beltane (May 1), Litha (August 1 or 22), Lughnasadh (August 1), and Mabon (September 21 or 22). Deadlines for articles are three weeks before the cover date (October 10, December 1, January 10, March 1, April 10, June 1, July 10, and September 1). The newspaper is mailed 3rd class on the cover date. First Class delivery is available for $5 extra a year. Airmail delivery overseas is available for $10 extra a year.**

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Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal is an independent publication within the broad Earth First! movement. Entire contents are copyrighted 1985, but we are pleased to allow reprints if credit is given. *Earth First!* is a forum for the militant environmental movement. Responsibility rests with the individual authors and correspondents.

Although we do not accept the authority of the hierarchical state, nothing herein is intended to run us afoul of its police power. *Agents provocateurs* will be dealt with by the Grizzly Defense League on the Mirror Plateau.

Contributions are welcomed and should be typed or carefully printed, *double spaced*, and sent with an SASE if return is requested. Art or photographs (black & white prints preferred, color prints or slides OK) are eagerly sought to illustrate articles and essays. They will be returned if requested. No payment is offered except for extra copies of the issue.

All material should be sent to Earth First!, PO Box 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703, except for poetry which should go to Art Goodtimes, Box 1008, Telluride, CO 81435.

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POB 5871, Tucson, Arizona 85703 (602)622-1371: Letters to the Editor, Manuscripts, Art, Photographs, etc. for *Earth First!*; Subscriptions, Changes of Address, Inquiries; Merchandise Orders; Clippings; General Correspondence; Correspondence with Dave Foreman or John Davis.

C/o FOE 1045 Sansome St, San Francisco, CA 94111 (415)433-7373: Rainforest Action & Information Network; Correspondence with Randy Hayes or Mike Roselle.

POB 1008, Telluride, Colorado 81435 (303)728-4301: Poetry, Correspondence with Art Goodtimes.

Please send any newspaper clippings mentioning Earth First! or dealing with subjects of interest to us at POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703. Clippings about monkeywrenching of any kind would be appreciated. Thank you!

The Post Office does not forward 3rd Class Mail but they do charge us 30 cents apiece to send us change of address information. Please send us your change of address immediately so we can send $ where the action is instead of to the Post Office. Some people using clever aliases are not receiving their copies of *Earth First!*. Be sure to notify your mailman that "Attila the Hun" or "The Animal" receives mail at your address.

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor are welcomed. Lengthy letters may be edited for space requirement. Letters should be typed or carefully printed and double-spaced, using only one side of a sheet of paper. Be sure to indicate if you want your name and location to appear or if you wish to remain anonymous. Send letters to POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703.

Dear *Earth First!*

Thanks for my first issue. I agree with Jim Stiles: we need lotsa jokes to survive! But you have a few jokes there already. From the Australian perspective, I love "Freddies" (well meaning but stupid). We need your terminology here, e.g. "Roadless Areas," "Old Growth," "Cleargrazing," "Game Cover."

The enemy reckons they have got us sewn up. The response is to develop a new strategy on our part. Be totally unpredictable. Think laterally. Read Ed Abbey again and let out the monkey wrenches. Strike once where it hurts. Get lotsa publicity. Don't waste your army on a losing battle. Trust kid's advice. Get to know the jungle (whatever it is) and work from the roots. It is war. Be offensive. Never react. Use their weaknesses ($).

-Oz

Dear *Earth First!*

By the time you read this letter I will have given six talks to people about the rainforest problems in Central America. I can hardly believe my good fortune in being able to do this.

Here is what happened. I arrived home from the Round River Rendezvous and noted that the movie "The Emerald Forest" was playing at our local theater. I bought a ticket and during the movie got so excited that I left my seat in the middle of it to go talk to the manager. I told him about Earth First! and the effort to save rainforests. I asked if I could come down before each showing of the movie and tell the audience about the forest they would be seeing in it. Then following the movie I would hand out information abstracted from EF! and RAIN telling the people of the problems and what they could do to help. The manager was more than enthusiastic and invited me to come every night for two weeks.

I see this opportunity as a way to continue the momentum I gathered at the RRR. I now realize how much work I have to do here in Coffeyville for whatever period of time I live here.

-Charlotte Neyland
Kansas

Greetings, Dave:

Mike Frome's article in the Litha edition about the national organizations was precisely on target. MBA's from Harvard or elsewhere are not the types needed to lead our national conservation or environmental outfits — types who are dollar and business management oriented. The leaders should be issue oriented and people oriented, based on broad, firsthand experience in the field and deep personal commitment to the ecology of the planet Earth.

Mike's final sentence with the clause ". . . send them to the hinterlands to learn what the environment, and humility, are about" states the heart of the leadership needed.

-Ernie Dickerman,
Buffalo Gap, Virgina

(Ernie Dickerman was for many years a lobbyist for The Wilderness Society in Washington, DC, and their field organizer for the eastern United States. Since retiring from TWS in the mid-1970's, Ernie has remained active in the wilderness struggle through his involvement with the Virginia Wilderness Association. Ernie is one of the giants of the movement with whom I've been privileged to work.)

Dear *Earth First!*

Congratulations for a successful RRR! My thanks to all those who did the necessary BS work like hauling the porta-potties, tidying up afterwards, etc. Would Barbara from Santa Monica please contact me for some brainstorming? Thought Tony & I were the only folks alive in the LA area.

- Chris Owen
(818)883-9643

Editor's note: There were a number of folks from southern California at the RRR and there are plans for a southern California regional meeting of Earth First!ers this fall. Nancy and I from Tucson will also attend. Contact EF! in Tucson if you're interesting in a Southern California Earth First! group.

Dear *Earth First!*

After reading Edward Abbey's letter in the Beltane Edition concerning who gets the royalties from his book sales, I felt compelled to write and say that, even if Mr. Abbey was getting the royalties, the price of an autographed Abbey book was well worth it. I have purchased a few of his books, through Earth First!, as gifts from friends and they have brought more joy and enlightenment than he will ever know. Plus, having the proceeds go to Earth First! rather than some national chain bookseller is also copacetic.

-Wounded Knee
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear *Earth First!*

Just a note on the ongoing debate between hunting vs. anti-hunting, meat eating vs. vegetarianism, microwaves vs. woodstoves, and so on. I think that developing quality, environmentally responsible lifestyles is very important, but the function of an effective environmental group, newspaper, etc. must be to address those issues which are resulting in overwhelming harm to the Earth, not the comparatively unimportant matters of differences in lifestyle between environmentalists themselves.

-Lynn Jacobs
Cornville, Arizona

Editor's note: Amen to that. With all the important work to do of stopping the wholesale assault on Earth, let's get on with it. We've wasted enough space in these pages on extraneous matters.

ACID RAIN ? WHAT ACID RAIN?

GUEST EDITORIAL

FEED THE BEARS

By Al Kali

Robert Streeter sure struck a resonance when he admitted that death by grizzly was for him preferable to death in a sterile hospital.

AMEN! and HALLELUJAH! Death by Griz will mean a few hours' suffering at most (probably a lot less than that), while death in one of our culture's institutions can drag the suffering out for days or years. I've seen it often.

Our culture even outlaws the death doorstep drugs that would help the dying focus their attention on God. Can you imagine a rest home letting you sing your death song? No! It is all zonko drugs so that you'll rest "comfortably" — at least to outside observers.

Well, bullshit! I'm always amazed at the expression of my TeeVee addict friends if I happen to mention that I hope to fall off a cliff, drown, and get eaten by something when I change existences. Most people are so chickenshit about death that they never even ponder preferable ways.

I agree with Streeter that meeting God in a Griz is probably the best way on this continent, not that I have any desire to rush the encounter. Human experience being what it is, though, I realize the end is more likely to come in an automobile, at the bottom of a bottle, at the hand of a thug, or a fall in the shower.

We all know *Ursus arctos horribilis* is having a tough time everywhere, and will probably be extinct even in Yellowstone Park within a generation. I can't do much about the Federal geeks that are killing Griz after habitat rape, but I've learned that there is no free lunch. So . . . .

I, _____, being of sound mind but dead body, do hereby bequeth my mortal remains to feed the Grizzly Bears of North America. Respect my body. Do not embalm! (A little mustard would be appreciated.) My family and friends have been instructed in how to deal with my corpus. They may be reached at: (phone) _____; (address) _____. Please put me in a deep freezer if I must be held for a few days. Should my family refuse to claim me, or should I be indigent at the time of my demise, please explain to the County that I can be mailed to a wilderness (as evidenced by the presence of grizzlies and/or wolves) for a lot cheaper than I can be buried in a pauper's grave.

Please remove my eyes, kidneys, and _____ for use by the living, but retain my liver because I think Griz would like that the most. I love you all. See you in the Spring!

(Editor's note: the above is the text for a wallet card being printed by Earth First! with a space for your signature and that of a witness. For a copy, send a SASE to Earth First!, POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703.

Dear *Earth First!*

I do not want you to stop reporting and giving opinions on the establishment environmental groups. I am very glad you have. How else would some of us ever know? I feel your anger is righteous. I do see that they have their place but they are not helping the Earth with their wishy-washy bought-out attitudes and actions. The recent businesslike bureaucratic administrations are at the best sickening.

As far as badmouthing "allies" while never speaking "negatively" to foes (face to face — you do plenty of cussing them in this paper), I feel is hypocritical and lying. That is part of why I haven't been blockading — I hate the bastards, am totally enraged at their murderousness and will not hide it.

I do remain disgusted by supposed "humor"(as in the headline under which letters are printed) and referral to alcohol-centered lifestyles reflective of only a few people in the movement, and jargon nobody out of Utah can understand.

I don't want you to have to apologize for your heartfelt feelings and actions anymore than I do for mine.

-Anarca
Oregon

Dear *Earth First!*

After reading your plea for mobile activists, some thoughts came to mind from experiences in the Sinkyone struggle. Some of the people arrested moved on to homes out of state and others to world travels. Some did not even hang around long enough to find out the terms of our probation and sentencing. The judge gave probation to us as a group, not as individuals. We were all to do a small letter-writing campaign, and then the charges would be dropped for each of us as copies of our letters were received by the judge. A year and a half later, a few people have still not fulfilled their probation obligations and many others strung it out for too long and had to be pestered a lot to do it.

For those of us who live here and could be on the line again this year, it is annoying. Will the next judge want to give us community service or "creative probation" to a group that could not even fulfill a letter writing campaign? Activists — take responsibility for your actions and follow it through. The struggle does not end when you get out of jail. You may go down the road but the people who live there must deal with the loose ends you leave behind. More power to brothers and sisters that forward the struggle, just be responsible and don't leave legal garbage behind.

-Sinkyone Sister

Dear *Earth First!*

About damn time I subscribed! As a longtime Sierra Clubber, I was astounded to hear that Douglas Wheeler had been chosen Executive Director in the last go around. Somehow, to contribute to an organization that's willing to pay a Reagan supporter a salary of $100,000 a year just flat goes against my grain. I figure the money will be better spent with you.

-ALH

The Earth First! Directory is being revised and will appear in the next issue. Marcy Willow, who has coordinated the Directory and Local EF! Groups, is moving to Iceland, and Bob Kaspar is taking over as EF! Local Groups Coordinator. Please contact Bob at POB 37, Glen Haven, WI 53810 (608) 794-2373 if you wish to be listed as a local EF! contact or if you wish to organize an EF! group in your area.

Cont

ment, NW Energy Company, Flight Dynamics, and Northwest Natural Gas.

Marketing 10% of all particleboard and 6% of all plywood sold in America, the Willies are again posting record profits for the first and second quarters of 1985. William Swindells, president, chief executive officer and chairman of the board of Williamette Industries, recently awarded himself a hefty pay raise by upping his salary from $340,000 to a more respectable $375,000 a year.

Despite the tree killers' wealth and size, Earth First!ers in Oregon have enforced their own closure of a small part of the Cathedral Forest, blocking the cutting of the last stand in Squaw Creek's "Unit Six," a timber sale in the central Willamette National Forest, for 28 days despite numerous attempts by the Linn County Sheriff's Department and federal agents to end the action.

By climbing undetected into old growth Douglas fir and cedar, lashing up platforms and securing ropes from platforms to neighboring trees, Earth First! successfully freed a small portion of the Willamette National Forest from the Freddies — in effect exercising a veto over their plan to begin killing the Millenium Grove (the oldest trees in Oregon), which is 15 miles south of Pyramid Creek where another tree climbing event took place earlier this year.

Eight people have been arrested so far during resupplying sorties — seven of them during an Earth First! 4th of July celebration held inside the closure.

As I write this, preparations are underway for an expansion of the Earth First! closure of logging additional roadless areas in the Cathedral Forest. All are cordially invited: Call (503)754-9151 or write/visit Earth First! House, 520 NW 17th St, Corvallis, OR 97330. Open 24 hours a day, the Earth First! House offers random cuisine and guest accomodations, as well as rides up to the action sites.

Finally one pair of tree killers were at the base of my friend, the cedar, and running deadly eyes over her smooth trunk. "Yee HAW!" one of them crowed, waving the five foot long blade of his Stihl chainsaw and pumping his oiler in horny anticipation.

"Okay, Freds!" I shouted over at the clot of deForest Servicers. They swung around toward me, as the saw belched and roared below. I gave the rope knotting my platform to my neighbor tree a tug. "You are killing the lungs of the world!" I shouted into the snarling noise of the saw. The logger stabbed my friend in her belly, hacking a wedge out of her. She began swaying.

I'd already cleared the deck of my platform. When the terrible moment came at last and the cedar began to fall, my grapple rope held her for a second or two, transmiting her death throes to my tree via the platform.

"See you in the next world," I told her. My platform reared to vertical from the strain of her weight.

The rope parted. My treeship heeled back to level.

In the space suddenly cleared by the cedar's death dive, the young face of the tree killer appeared. He was a lankhaired blond fellow, with red suspenders hitching up his raggedy-edged pants. He tilted back his helmet, peered upwards and said in mock surprise, "Hey, it's a cowboy."

His buddy (they work in pairs, these Willie loggers) cracked a laugh and said, "Hey, you had your chance to come down . . . ."

The first cutter restarted his saw and swung his blade against my tree. Deputy Sheriff Freeman, honest Big Red, who had toted Nagasaki to a sheriff's Blazer a month earlier in the Pyramid Creek action, had just left for the day, leaving me and the trees at the mercy of the Freds and Willies. Suddenly it wasn't all that hilarious in the big woods, with the cruel eyes of the Federales and the parachute jokes of the whooping loggers bringing a sinking feeling to my gut.

"Wilson!" I shouted. The USFS fire management officer couldn't hear me over the saw's racket, but he was already watching, his eyes wide with fascination. A couple of weeks earlier we'd been discussing fire safety in his Sweet Home Ranger District office, joshing each other about silent agitators. Now. . . ?

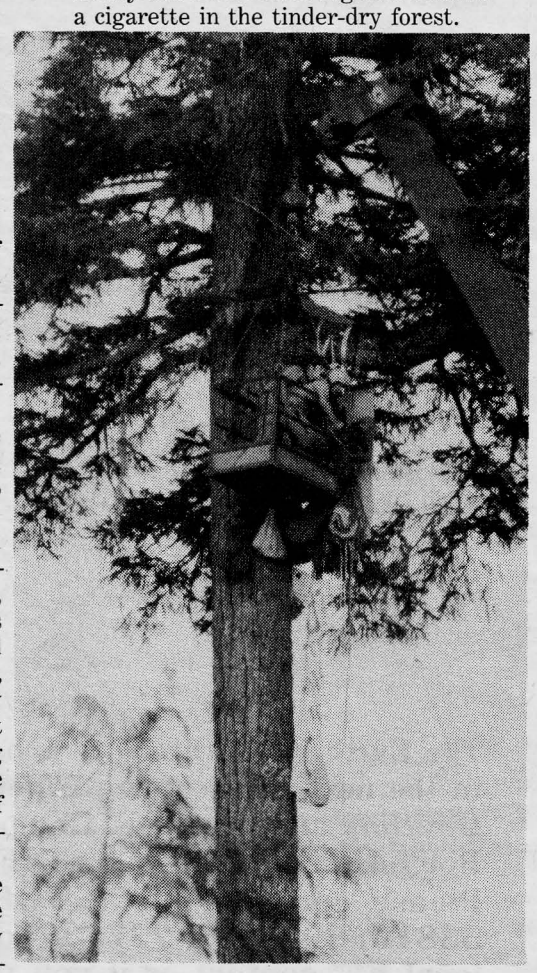
I pointed at the logger buzzing away at the base of my tree, and made the cut-throat sign. I hefted a heavy jar of corn nuts significantly. Wilson shrugged helplessly. Carla Jones flicked her eyes approvingly from me to chainsaw and back, while Christiansen was enjoying the sight of a huge tree being killed on the other side of the clearcut by another pair of fellers. Dick Olsen's expression was somber; he looked ashamed of his cronies.

My escape tower had been my neighbor the cedar, and she was down there already. The trees to which my platform was lashed were twenty feet away, one hell of a jump . . . did I *really* trust those grapple ropes? Visons of Tarzan....

The logger's tin helmet winked in the brilliant sunshine as he came around my tree, his blade gouging treeflesh. It was an easy shot: 80 feet down with a slight southwesterly breeze. I could definitely put the SOB away . . . if he kept cutting my tree. What would CFAG think if I offed him? They'd be pissed . . . *screw them.* I ain't gonna let him take this tree down!

I cocked my arm, ranged him for the last time, shot a quick glance at Wilson — his earnest mustached face was tight with tension. Hanta yo, bitch, I thought and turned to deal with the logger below.

But he was now gutting my downed neighbor, bucking off her yet-living arms in the now-sunny forest floor. His buddy sat on a rotten log and smoked a cigarette in the tinder-dry forest.



Deputies cutting Huber's straps.

Photo by Mike Jakubal.

MILLENIUM

Ron Huber.

Jesus Christ, I was probably safe. I set down the jar of cornuts, took a slug of over-sweetened coffee (Hayduke's right — energy!). The saws below sputtered to silence. One PM! Fire regulations said no more killing today.

"Hey, Carla," I said, feeling brave again. "You oughta go check that logger's cigarette ashes over there. He might have started a fire, you know."

She shook her head as if to bring herself back from a dream. "Uh . . . I don't do cigarettes. Not my department."

The Freddies, the logging foreman, and the firewatch gathered around the back of one pickup, smiling, satiated by the orgy of destruction they'd just been privileged to watch. The loggers wordlessly climbed back into their crummy.

"Really, good, y'all," I told them. "Just look at all those dead trees. History is gonna to piss all over you for messing up this wilderness."

Smug over their partial victory, they ignored me and toyed with their new twin-mufflered saw.

They all left, finally, in a stinting convoy bumping over the crudely-bulldozed road away from the roadless area. I yelled after them, "Multiple use, sustained yield!" and checked my harness. I held a safety meeting with myself.

The firewatch stayed. He was troubled, but thoughtful. "You gonna stay up there?"

I shrugged, looked around at the thousands of still living trees thriving in the clear mountain air, then down at the grotesque tangle of dying forest below my platform.

"I guess so. Yes. In fact, definitely."

"Got food?"

"Lots. And you know what?"

"What?"

"Earth First! takes care of its own."

"They better hurry."

"They will."

For weeks, Earth First!ers from Texas, New Mexico, Maryland, Virginia, California, Oregon and Washington resupplied and spelled one another. Running re-supply at carefully random intervals, from 2 AM to high noon, they succeeded in keeping the trees occupied and safe from saws. The police prowled about and occasionally busted unwary closure violators.

A sneak attack by the Willies took the lives of a large percentage of the protected trees, but the savagery of the attack, in which a logging truck loader operator wielded a log like a baseball bat to beat at the occupied trees and their attached ropes, has left Willamette Industries open to charges of attempted murder and reckless endangerment. Depositions have been taken and already the Freddies and Willies are showing signs of cracking — the Cathedral Forest Action Group's Sheep Creek Sanctuary twenty-five miles east of Sweet Home has been recognized by the Freddies as an ecological resource study area, or some such label.

Tree climbing definitely unnerves the Freds. In talks at the sanctuary on July 22, District Ranger Lenny "Loose Lips" Lucero and his boss Mike "Cut-'em-down" Kerrick repeatedly begged us to cease tree climbing because of its hazard to life and limb. But they know the real hazard is to their evil plans, so we expect a lot more platforms to be taking to the skies over America. Happy Climbing!

Part 2

The day of the main Freddie assault began quietly; another vivid orange sunrise over Jumpoff Joe Mountain faded into the hard cystal blue of the drought-ridden Oregon summer sky. The now-diminished bird symphony, a prominent feature of arboreal life for the last few weeks, rose and fell. The light grew and the forest settled into photosynthesis and pheromone communication, while hundreds of dead and dying trees steamed out their life fluids on the richly humused forest floor — now exposed to direct solar radiation for the first time.

I whispered a greeting to the rising sun and the newly-awakened forest. Hardly a minute had passed when the air was shaken by internal combustion noise. Two pickups and a cherry picker pulled into the stand. I frantically cleared the deck for action, hanging my gear on spikes that had been previously driven into the tree.

"What was that, Christensen?" I asked.

He was excitedly telling me in a triumphant but quavering voice that I might as well come down now. Then he remembered himself and informed me in grave tones that I was in violation of a federal closure order. "Will you obey the order and leave now?"

I told him I had no choice in the matter given the ongoing slaughter of the forest hereabouts. Besides, given the extraordinary drought conditions prevailing, an Earth First! firewatch was necessary to monitor conditions . . . .

"There'll be no Earth First! firewatch!" The thought seemed to frighten him. Earth First!ers here, and watching the forest . . . . Brrr!

They backed the big yellow and white utility cherry picker towards me.

"Well, well, Christensen," I said, "what's your boy gonna do when he gets up here? I've got some coffee but he'll have to bring his own cup."

Christensen squawked something but my attention was taken by the bearded young fellow with spectacles who had clambered into the narrow cup at the top of the picker's arm. It was a two-person picker basket . . . with a space for me . . . .

"Well, let's get to it," I said. The picker's arm rose into the air, the occupant deftly wafting himself past a hanging branch toward me. I scrambled to my feet to meet him. He stopped just out of range, as if to look my position over.

"Too short. Can't reach him."

The picker slunk off. I gave the loggers and cops credit for scaring the shit out of me, and gently mocked Christensen: "Why don't you call my mommy? 'Oh, Ronnie, please come on down.'" The team laughed and split.

All quieted down, some birds sung a few notes. My guests over at the support camp, who had freshly arrived from Maryland and Utah, seemed kind of stunned by it all. Other people began to appear. *A whole row of Earth First! mobiles!* My heart soared. Allies!

Later in the day, far, far down the road, I could hear an eldritch howling like an angry, implacable Midgard Serpent come to knaw at the World Tree. Its moan echoed off Jumpoff Joe and Soapgrass Mountains. In the growing shriek, Deputy Dave Freeman, drove up. He got out of his car and called to me.

"Ron, they're coming to take you down now, so don't do anything to put yourself or us at the risk of dying."

"Yeah, okay, Dave," I told him as I knotted prussiks into loops for my boots. I hooked my climbing rope to a sling on the mighty branch and tugged it tight.

"*Doooooooom,*" howled the monster coming up Squaw Creek Road.

GROVE

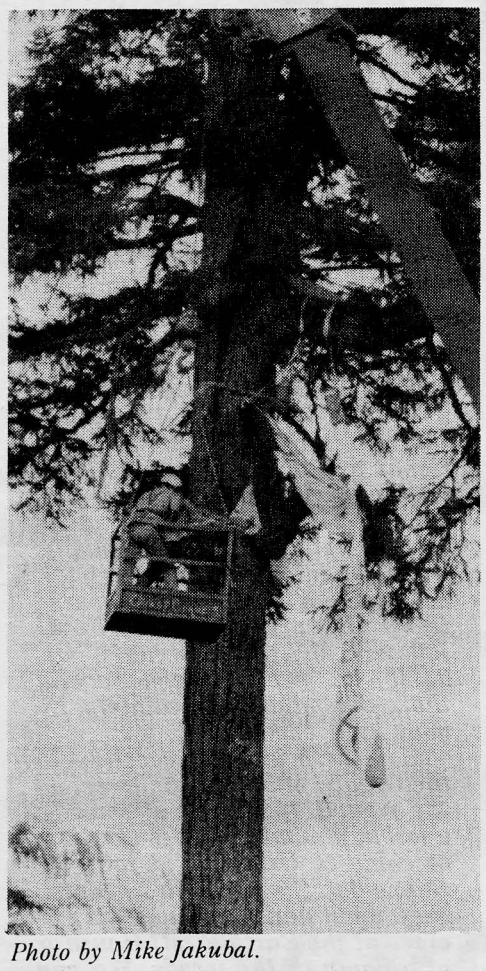


Photo by Mike Jakubal.

"Doooooooooooooom!" It was still a mile away. I yelled to the others, "It's coming!" They scrambled to good vantage points and took out their cameras. Party time!

A caravan of trucks rolled up — the servants of the noisy beast which was still far down the canyon. Christensen hopped out of his blue 4x4 stationwagon and yelled, "Come on down NOW, Ron! It's all over. We've got a crane higher than your tree! So just lower yourself down now, and spare yourself a struggle . . . ."

"Hell, Christensen, if they're bring a crane, I can get a free ride down anyhow. Right?"

I nervously checked and rechecked my ropes and cords. A brief safety meeting with myself reassured me. I breathed deep and stretched. The curious Freddies, Willies, and deputies, many of them clicking away with their cameras, watched like the opposing camp's cheerleaders.

The sinister howler finally came into view: a telescoping crane atop an eighteenwheeler body, with a tiny glassed-in cab.

Christensen was gaily skipping about with excitement. "See! See! It's bigger than your tree! Now come down and we'll give you a nice cold soda, eh?"

"Omigod," I thought, "that thing's probably big enough to grab this *tree* and take *it* down to jail!"

It did look like the Midgard Serpent. Long and deadly, it crawled up the curving road through the clearcut, howling until I couldn't hear either my affinity group or the Freddies. Finally it was abreast of my tree. It grunted one last time and quieted.

With a triumphant gleam in his eye, Christensen gave me one last chance to "skedaddle."

"And if I don't?" I asked, swinging easily on the tree. "Whatca gonna do, good buddy?"

"We'll send some people up to kick your ass!"

Deputy Freeman looked pained. He and Deputy Ives had been tapped for the honor of bringing me down.

"Remember the Middle Santiam!" I yelled back. The Earth First!ers over in the forest cheered wildly. I grinned in spite of myself. This was fun!

I tried to think of some more quotable lines, but then Ives and Freeman climbed into the crane cage and were raised towards me.

The box lifted nearly to my level and swung over to me. Freeman grabbed at my platform. I entrusted myself to the fates and stepped off it. As I dangled 80 feet in the air on my etrier straps and harness, I yanked hard at platform's suspension line.

Like a dream, the platform rose to vertical, interposing itself between me and the grasping deputies. The trusty old growth plywood seemed to take a part in the drama. I had bared the door on those fellows in their uniforms.

Quickly, I tied the platform upright: *Fort Millenium!*

Their assault stymied, the deputies decided to parlay. We peeked over the edge of the wall at each other and broke into silly, sweaty grins.

"Look here, Ron," Deputy Dave Freeman said, his knuckles clenched white around the bars of the crane cage, "here's what we're going to do: You come into the cage," ("No way, Jose," I thought to myself, checking my prussiks) "and we'll go down to the ground. The Forest Servie will cite you for being in a closed area and I'll arrest you for criminal trespass. You'll be released in Albany for $50. Your gear will be taken down safely."

"And the tree?" I asked, slapping her flank protectively. "They're gonna kill her, right?"

Deputy Dave said, "Yeah, 'fraid so."

"Well, dang it, I'm not up here just for fun, you know."

"I know, I know," he said.

"Okay, guys, about what you said, fed citation, criminal trespass, my stuff taken down . . . whatever happens, I gotta discuss it with my support crew." I waved over at them. They whistled and howled. Animals.

At first Dave wouldn't go for it. I told him we were an affinity group and I couldn't do anything without consulting them. He shrugged, resigned.

I yelled over to them, and the wiseass crane jocky revved his engine, drowning out my voice.

I twisted around in my harness. "Shut that sucker down, you dumb sonofabitch!" I put a note of panic into my voice.

Deputy Chris flipped on his radio and spoke curtly into it. The motor quickly revved down and shut off.

I hooted at my support folks and told them of the deputy sheriff's offer. They yelled back, "Have it put in writing!" I flashed a "V" for victory sign. More hoots filled the air and I roared back a griz growl that echoed off Soapgrass Mountain up and down Squaw Creek. As the echo dissipated, I noticed the deputies and others below gaping at me.

"That's a secret Earth First! code," I told them. They nodded gravely.

It took almost an hour to get Deputy Dave to write out the list of promises. The sun was creeping towards the horizon, and he was clearly desperate to get me down before dark. He even threw in an agreement to allow the Earth First!ers to spirit away my platform and other stuff, without the Freddies getting to paw through my belongings. It was like a picnic in a wrecking yard.

I looked at the list which was scribbled on a 3x5 piece of paper. I waved it at the Earth First!ers and read it aloud. They conferred. "You might consider staying up there," they suggested.

The assembled law guys bristled. "That's easy for them to say, Ron," Deputy Dave said. "Look. They're down on the ground."

Ives said, "Yeah, Ron, there are three people in trouble here: you, me and Dave. None of us really want to be up here. I want to go home." He looked it, too, with his earnest face dripping sweat.

"Me, too, Ron," Dave said. "We've been up since dawn," he said and looked at his watch. "It's 7:46. Let's cut out the games. You have to come down and It's my job to get you down. I don't particularly want to be up here, I want to be home with my wife. So, we'll give you until 8 o'clock to think about it."

I swung around in my harness to the south where the Earth forces stood, while keeping the platform between me and the crane basket full of deputies. The sky was coloring toward rich red. The shadow of my tree fell across the clearcut over to the yet living forest as if my tree's spirit was blending into the rest of the trees.

I looked to the four directions: thousands of living trees held their arms high to the south and the west; savagely scalped Sheep Creek was across the watershed to the north with Harter Mountain retaining a few stands like a Mohawk haircut.

To the east, freshly shorn Squaw Creek's stacks of "PUM" (Piled Unutilizable Material) gave mute evidence of Unit 6's fate-to-be: Death of Yggdrasil and the neighboring tree to which it was cabled in order to support the Earth First! banner; dragging of the dead tree bodies to the loading deck for transport to Willamette's idiotic pulp mills; bulldozing of the trees' leafy guts into crematorium pyres. And finally the firemen; like the firemen of Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451, they would appear with tanks of kerosene on their backs to torch the unit, killing off the remaining biosphere — the shrubs, the herbs, the fungi, insects, microbes, rodents and birds injured by the falling trees, thousands and thousands of organisms seared and choked to death so that a few years later the Freddies could have a tree farm planted which would replace the thousands of species organzed into the entity of a living forest with a plantation of enslaved Doug fir clones. It was like replanting a wildlife refuge with a chicken coop. No way.

I waved Dave's note at my allies, then slowly, deliberately stuck a corner of it in my mouth, chewed it until the whole note was in my mouth — a sodden inky blob of wood fiber. I spat it into my hand and launched into phase 2.

With the sun heading for the western horizon, there was little time remaining for the Fredskis to dawdle. It might be possible to continue this curious standoff for some time. A dark forest would be a safe forest for me but not for their clumsy mechanical beast. They'd have to retreat and another precious day of life might be gained for the tree.

Deputy Dave reinterated the note, and said I *had*to either hop into the cage or they'd come and get me. I had no doubt they'd make one hell of a try once they got moving. The sun, oblivious to my efforts or theirs, had sunk nearly to the forest rim to the west. It was getting to that now or never time. The deputies knew it.

"Ron, doggone it, you have *got* to come down from the tree. It's after 8 o'clock. I'll give you a few minutes, then you're coming down. With your cooperation or without it."

Grrr. I looked around at the forest which was just starting to unwind after a long day at the photosynthesis factory. A few early arrivals for the evening bird concert flapped uncertainly about.

"It's late, so late, little birdies," I told them. Their sharp little bird eyes glittered in anger — the forest defending itself.

I turned back around to the waiting deputies. "See y'all upstairs." I stepped into my jury-rigged etrier, my right hand was already grasping the rough curve of Tree's skin.

"The deal's off!" Deputy Dave shouted, redfaced and angry. With a signal, the deputies bade the crane operator to move them in at me. The dull dragon head thrust crudely against Tree's canopy. Some smaller branches crunched.

"Get away from here!" I shouted. "The branch! That thing's breaking the branch!" I gestured wildly. Freeman shot a quick look up at it, but then his gloved hand shot out and caught me by my waving arm.

"Hey!" I yelped, tugging free from his grip, but that sent one of my boots over near Ives, who snatched at it, but couldn't hold it without abandoning his grip on the cage he was in.

We all groped around like that for a few minutes, getting a little breathless as we experimented with the outer fringes of nonviolence. Finally Chris Ives got a solid bear hug around me. I had my legs wedged under their cage, however, and he physically couldn't pull me up and into it.

"Don't scratch," Dave ordered, for Ives and I were cheek to cheek.

"Hey, no problem, Dave," I told him, almost indignant. "I mean, we're buddies, kinda."

It was strangely true. After months of occasional contacts and our previous meeting up in the Pyramid Creek area, I was getting to like these mountain deputies. Hardly a mean bone in their bodies. Not like those flatland deputies of last year dragging activists around by the beard and hair.

Ives held on to me with his bear hug while Freeman tried unsucessfully to dislodge my boots from below their cage. Then he brought out his knife. I tried to twist away from Ives, but that only let him get better leverage. Freeman reached out over the yawning gulf with his Swiss Army knife and whick! slashed an etrier. Ives forced a cop carabiner at my harness. I steered him into putting it on my 8-ring rappelling aid, which I could jettison in an emergency. But my etrier! He was already after the one looped over my left boot. I danced my leg around but still he got it — sliced it through! I was squirming, trying to slide my sweaty body around to face my attackers. Hard going. We were all cussing with effort.

"Shit!"

"Goddamnit, Ron!"

"Get out of this tree! Go ! Go!"

"I've got to piss." That was a good one to yell, because Ives grinned and said, "Me, too!"

Big Red Freeman chuckled, but then the treacherous fellow whipped out the steel handcuffs and tried to slap-cuff my wrist.

"Cheaters!" I yelled, flapping my arm around. He missed.

Then Ives relaxed his bear hug and locked my thumb back. He held me steady as Freeman tried again — and got the cuff over my wrist. Click. He hooked the other cuff to a cage stan chion. "Gotcha!"

But I wasn't giving up that easily. I was still three-fourths outside of their damn box and if I could re-hook around another loop in my jury-rigged etrier . . . still could stalemate things . . . sunset coming fast . . . already set down there on the ground.

But the deputies, trained professionals, were apparently used to dealing with cuffed crazies. One of them grabbed me by the hair to pull me in.

I yelled, "Aha! Just like the Middle Santiam."

He released it. I managed to keep my body from the waist down out of the cage, with my ass wedged against the upper stanchion. They tried to pull me in by brute force but it made the stanchion cut into my back. My outraged screams quickly convinced them that further yanks would be dangerous.

"Damn! Lower the crane a little," Freeman told Ives to tell the crane operator, but when Ives looked down he saw the crane operator out of his seat talking to his wife and daughter whom he had brought along, like it was an adventure movie.

Deputy Freeman almost blew a gasket. Livid with rage, he cursed the crane driver back into his seat and told him in no uncertain terms, "Don't get out of that seat!" "Asshole!" he mumbled, wiping sweat from his eyes.

"Real chickenshit outfit down there," I agreed.

The crane lowered us a hair and the deputies cut another of my safety lines. I was now two-thrids in the box, but

continued on pg. 6

Huber cuffed. Photo by Mike Jakubal.

still hooked by my last line that ran directly to the tree from my belly. Freeman grabbed it and brandished his blade. Terrible moment!

"Don't do it, Dave," I pleaded, but he swiped and the thin sharp blade cut my lifeline like butter. Ives waved the crane down and Tree seemed to rise above us, as though she was standing up. Her branches gleamed in the last golden rays of sunlight as we in the steel box descended into the shadows, my legs waving goodby to one swell tree.

When we hit the ground, Christensen and the other Fred, Dick Olsen, crowded around and they all yanked away bits of sliced etrier and strap, cut off my harness and unsnapped the cuff from the stanchion. My feet hit the ground and I, winking to the deputies, feel forward like a stiff. Christensen and Olsen held me up, then Freeman scrambled out of the cage and half carried me away from it. He lowered me into the fine, dry dust — formerly living humus — that covered the ground below my tree. I kissed a piece of broken wood in the dust.

"Howdy, Earth!"

The loggers laughed, Freeman searched me, Christensen went up in the crane to retrieve my stuff. With my hands cuffed behind, Freeman put me in the passenger's seat of his Blazer. Then he went over and hung out with Ives, both of them cracking huge smiles of relief and gulping down Sprites.

Christensen carefully retrieved my stuff and it was all carried past by a succession of Willies and Freddies — guitar, duffel, grappel, sleeping bag, other junk — all going into the Fred Wagon. Thieves.

"I read your journal," commented one young Willie, a road staker. "You need to improve your punctuation."

"Keep the hell out of my stuff!" I told him. "Dave, hey, Dave."

"Yes, sir." He appeared from where he'd been shooting the shit with the others.

I told him I didn't want this guy or others stealing my diary or other stuff, and he went off to take care of it.

Then the loggers got out saws.

"I'll give you a thousand bucks if you leave that saw off," I told them. The deputy rolled my window shut.

They assaulted the unoccupied tree first. I started smelling treeblood through the vent window. Then there was the awful tap of the wedges, and it fell. Whack! The dust cloud rose above us.

"Murderers!" I yelled. The young mother looked surprised. Who, me?

Then the loggers walked up to my tree. One of them had a saw on his shoulder, the other had ax and plastic wedges. They ignored my catcalls and headed to Tree, who stood there, impassive, magnificent, a green goddess with scratchy skin.

One logger solemnly raised his axhandle and measured her tilt.

"If he cuts you, fall on them," I telezapped at Her.

It began.

The sawman huddled at her feet, but it was not in prayer that he knelt there, his face hidden from view like a penitent at the confessional.

"GET . . . AWAY . . . FROM . . . THAT . . . TREE!" Tree? TREE! I was getting downright stentorian because the sonofagun was actually biting his metal thing right into Tree! Slitting her guts like a carrot.

But she stood there, stoic as a Vietnamese monk, and even when the second logger began tocking at his cruel wedge, she remained motionless, despite being girdled and wedged, despite the incredible shock to her circulatory and electrochemical systems from being chainsawed.

Forest fall. Some presence seemed to slip through the very fabric of the air. The squat logger had risen, and Yggdrasil took a step to the northeast and then cast herself to Earth.

Oregon Earth First! is in urgent need of additional climbing equipment. If you can donate used or new climbing equipment — ropes, slings, carabiners, etriers, harnesses, climbing helmets, etc. — please contact Oregon Earth First! immediately (503)757-2305/754-9151 or 520 NW 17th St. Corvallis, OR 97330.

OREGON OVERVIEW

Squaw Creek Action

By Mike Roselle

Since June 25th, Earth First! has continuously occupied old growth Douglas fir trees in the Squaw Creek watershed of the Willamette National Forest in central Oregon, interfering with logging operations and bearing witness to the destruction of the most magnificent coniferous forest the world has ever known.

Arrests are pushing the 100 mark and you'd have to be living in a cave in Hell's Canyon not to have heard news of the intensifying struggle to stop the Tree Nazis from liquidating the last remnants of the Cathedral Forest. Not only has Oregon been saturated with news accounts of the growing resistance to Forest Service arrogance, but the national media is picking it up as well. Reports of coverage are coming in from around the world. Tree sitters have been interviewed on national TV, radio call-in shows and featured in newspaper articles. We have proven that you don't necessarily have to get off your butt to fight for wilderness, and that you can keep a slew of lard-assed Freddies on their toes.

Protests are centered in Squaw Creek where CFAGers discovered what may be the oldest living trees in Oregon, and the oldest Doug firs anywhere. The age was determined by counting the rings in the freshly cut stumps in "Unit #3." Andy Kerr, of the Oregon Natural Resources Council, later verified the age of the trees by counting the rings himself. Previously, ONRC had thought the oldest Oregon trees were in the Crabtree Valley, on the North Santiam, at 800 plus years. The Squaw Creek trees are considerably older, at over one thousand years — and possibly even older since the largest trees in "Unit #9" remain unchecked.

We gave the Forest Service 48 hours to cancel the "timber harvests" on the site before they took action. With no response from the Death Squads, the Nomadic Action Group (NAG) moved in on June 25th and occupied 6 of the largest trees, with some activists perched as high as 100 feet. A well attended press conference was held in the forest and within hours the "Millenium Grove" and the tree sitters were known to most of Oregon.

In a bumbling attempt at damage control, District Ranger Leonard "Loose Lips" Lucero announced to the press that there was "nothing spectacular" about these trees, and that the USFS had protected some 1200 years old in a nearby "Experimental Forest" (shades of Dr. Joseph Mengele). However, none of the Freddie's own ecologists have ever heard of such trees, including Jerry Franklin, an internationally respected expert on coniferous forests who did many of the USFS's own surveys.

The Forest Service responded by closing the area to the public so logging could continue. We responded by violating the closure. Logging continued in the occupied grove while the Freddies stood by and watched the Willamette Industries gangsters show utter disregard for the lives of the people in the trees.

The battle continues in the old growth forests of Oregon. Earth First! and the Cathedral Forest Action Group are mobilizing for additional actions. They desperately need your help. Money — for gas, phone, postage, climbing gear, and survival — is in short supply. Dig down into your wallet or bank account and send what you can — today. Send to Oregon Earth First! 520 NW 17th St. Corvallis, OR 97330. We need to raise several thousand dollars immediately. Do your part. Please.

More help is also needed — in the Oregon office, in the trees, on the ground. If you can offer a day, a week, a month, now is the time to come to Oregon and join the Battle for the Cathedral Forest. Free room and board will be provided at the Earth First! House or at a camp in the woods. You can help in any capacity. Call 503-757-2305 or 754-9151.

Climbing a tree. Photo by David Cross.

OIL WELL THREATENS BOB MARSHALL ECOSYSTEM

By Gary Steele and Larry Campbell

I was sitting astraddle my favorite mountain horse, and perched on the Continental Divide. I was just leaving the legendary Bob Marshall Wilderness. In the past, I've ridden nearly every major drainage of this great two million acre Wilderness complex. I've seen and felt places so magical and beautiful that my meager vocabulary can't begin to do them justice. Now I was about to drop over into the drainages of Bridger and Two Medicine, which are directly south of Glacier National Park. I'd never been there before. What lay waiting for me was as fresh, wild and wonderful as any wilderness anywhere.

I rode down the narrow valley nestled between the Continental Divide and the overpowering Goat Mountain. Goat Mountain, tall, round, covered with grass, wildflowers and the remnants of an ancient fire, was so majestic that my thoughts could not stray from her, even in this vast wilderness.

As I dropped lower, the trees grew thicker and the trail switched back what seemed like a hundred times until finally I emerged through the pine and fir into a beautiful mountain meadow where another creek plumeted from the Divide. I followed the now-larger creek, the setting sun at my back, with huge, translucent green avalanche chutes and rich grizzly habitat off to my left, and Goat Mountain to my right.

My eyes continually scanned the slopes for bear, goats, sheep, elk or wolf, but my search was in vain because this entire area has been bombed for the last two years and invaded by seismic crews in helicopters in their lustful search for whiteman's wealth.

I had been hearing the explosions for days from the far side of the Divide, but they had stopped for today.

The lower I dropped, the wider Badger Basin opened up into huge grassy meadows with vales of aspen and fir separating each meadow from many more unexplored sanctuary nests, all rimmed by spectacular mountain peaks.

These high alpine wildlands lie between the crown jewel of our National Park System, Glacier National Park, and the Bob Marshall Wilderness. It is used as a necessary travel corridor for grizzly and wolf as well as for important winter habitat for large herds of elk and bighorn.

In order to sustain the disposable plastics and exotic chemicals industries, the multinational oil companies, along with the US Forest Service, are willing to sacrifice this valuable wilderness. Their plan is to operate 22 oil and gas wells, a gas sweetening plant, and all the sundry alien infrastructure needed to support such a raid. It's not just 22 little holes in the ground — think of Rock Springs, Wyoming, spread out between Glacier National Park and the Bob Marshall Wilderness.

The first step in this corporate raid on our wildland is a nine and a half mile long road to be built across roadless land into the Hall Creek drilling site. Montana Earth First! will act to stop this first step. We intend to bring the situation to the national public attention which it deserves. We need help to fight the greed faction which has the power of megabucks to do its dirty work.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Send us your phone number and we'll call you when (and if) the judicial recourse fails. Then you can come and help us block off Hall Creek. Montana Earth First! also needs your financial support. Our monetary resources are thin — please help us if you can. Even five bucks can help. Send your check (or cash) to Montana Earth First! (Rt 1, Box 44K, St. Ignatius, MT 59865 (406)745-3212).

It's now that times are changing. History is in the making. Take a stand and join us — with your body or your money. Don't be caught in front of your TV when we're in your TV. For us to effectively fight for the survival of this wilderness, we need strong financial support. Without it, we will be fighting with our hands tied. Support the wild and defenseless; your help is essential.

GRIZZLIES VS. MOTOCROSS
Earth First! Promises Direct Action

By Gary Steele and Rock Chalktalk

Every year, scores of motorcyclists tear up the Noisy Face Roadless Area of northwestern Montana's Swan Range. Defying sound management policies, the Forest Service has continually sanctioned this violation of Situation 1 grizzly bear habitat, a critical elk calving area, and the key roadless area connecting the Bob Marshall Wilderness to Glacier National Park.

No one has ever questioned this Freddie-sponsored destruction. Until now.

In the spring of 1985, Montana Earth First! decided to meet this issue head-on. Half a dozen motley woodspeople wearing Earth First! t-shirts and carrying firearms (for bear protection, of course) were rumored to be seen at the motocross site prior to this year's race. Reporters from Spokane to Great Falls pursued the story and confirmed acute Earth First! interest: blockades and other actions were definitely being considered.

Letters from Montana Earth First! coordinator Gary Steele to Flathead National Forest Supervisor Edgar Brannon were quoted in the press. The motocross, according to Earth First!, "Holds potential for displacing any grizzly bear present in the area. Such an event would appear improper, under existing laws." Earth First! then requested a relocation of the race to an area which would not impact endangered species. "I expect to receive notification of compliance with this request within ten days of receipt of this letter," Steele concluded.

The Forest Service surprised many observors by acknowledging the course for the enduro race was indeed critical grizzly bear habitat (thus, indirectly acknowledging its own administrative violation of the Endangered Species Act and other federal statutes). However, the Freddies maintained the bears "will suffer no harm" if the race was postponed until after June 15 — the time at which they had apparently determined grizzly bear cubs would be able to outrun the motorbikes.

In a follow-up letter, Earth First! commented that this type of "mitigation" is akin to "bailing out a sinking boat with a coffee cup or applying a band-aid for cancer." Earth First! continued to press for nothing short of relocation.

A tense stalemate developed. The Forest Service received pressure from the Montana/Idaho Motorcycle Association, whose spokesman labeled Earth First! "radicals" and ruled out compromise, because "you can't talk to radicals."

The concern of wildlife biologists and area residents began to mount, however, which forced the Forest Service to reconsider its chosen site for the race. But bureaucracies being what they are, it appeared the race would not be relocated until 1986. Carefully weighing the situation, Earth First! decided to hold off disrupting this year's race. In a letter to District Ranger Bill Pederson, Montana Earth First! promised, "If the race is not moved to an appropriate location by next year, direct action will be taken."

A local citizen's group, the Swan View Coaltion, took advantage of this year's race to obtain videotapes and other documentation of the race's violation of Noisy Face. (Perhaps because of the controversy, the race featured only half the usual number of participants.) The organizations will pursue administrative channels to insure the race will never again occur in this fragile roadless area.

If the Swan View Coalition and their administrative channels or the Forest Service and its biologists don't succeed in putting an end to motorcycle races through grizzly country, Montana Earth First! and its many friends will be there with direct action in 1986 to do just that. No brag, just fact.

MONTANA WILDERNESS BILL

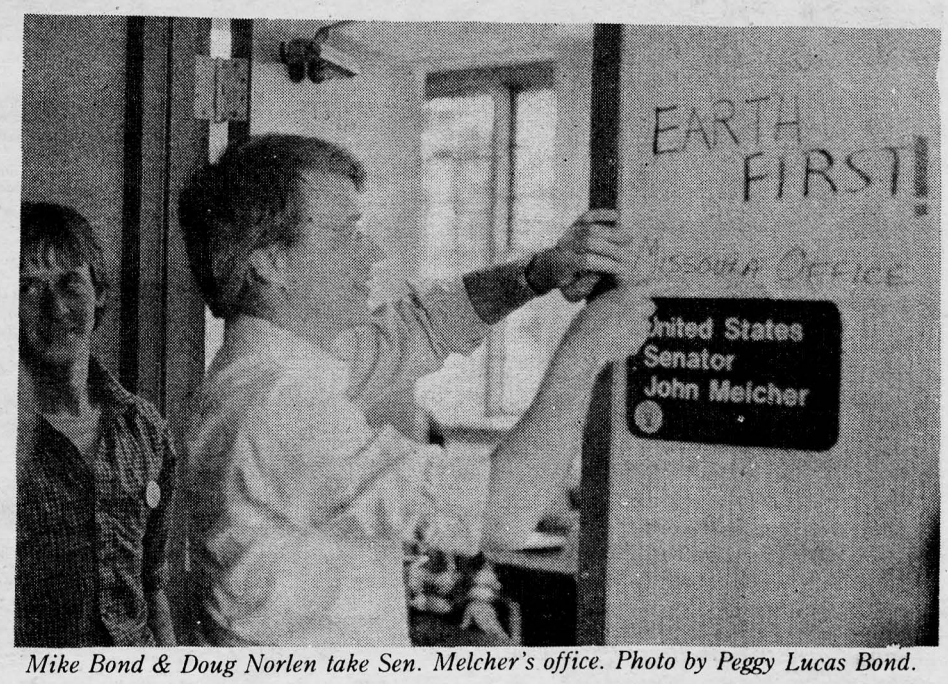
By Larry Campbell

When Montana Earth First! camped in Senator John Melcher's office last year, we demanded to see Melcher, to see the then clandestine Montana Wilderness Bill, and we demanded that public hearings be held in Montana on the bill. We were quickly given the first public copies of the bill, hot off the presses. We camped for 2 1/2 days until we met with Melcher, at which time he momentarily consented/condescended to public hearings in Montana, but then quickly hedged and backed off.

This year, the spirit of democracy finally hit Melcher. He decided to hold a public hearing on the upcoming Montana Wilderness Act here in Montana. However, he failed to notify a single conservationist in the state; the hearing was advertised through and organized by a snowmobile association. It was scheduled on the same weekend, at the same hotel as Montana's annual logging convention. Sounds like a hopelessly stacked deck, huh? Well, the plan backfired on them. Three-fourths of the people present were pro-wilderness (thanks to a phone tree of the Montana Wilderness Association), and at least 80% of the testimony was pro-wilderness. It rankled Melcher to see his political ploy fail, so he resorted to tactics of divide-and-intimidate by repeatedly insisting that testimony was a waste of time if it was not detailed on specific boundaries. He did this while people stood nervously, feeling put-down by the senator.

As pointed out at the hearing, it is Melcher who should be specific. It is he who would radically alter the status quo. He should tell us specifically why any area condemned to development is to be sacrificed. After all, these lands are still wild because they haven't been worth the cost to develop.

Montana is one of the only states still without a Wilderness bill. Anyone wanting to lobby (in various ways) for more Wilderness protection of our few remaining wild lands should help like it's the last round of the fight . . . no holding back. Later we can go for Wilderness recovery areas.



Mike Bond & Doug Norlen take Sen. Melcher's office. Photo by Peggy Lucas Bond.

Yellowstone Cont

massive RV development at Fishing Bridge. After all, isn't that what National Parks are all about — catering to the motorized tourist? To complicate the matter further, Grant Village is itself situated on prime grizzly habitat and should never have been built. In our felonious leaflets, we demanded that both sites be shut down. (For detailed background on this issue, see "Yellowstone's Watergate" in the May 1, 1985, *Earth First!.)*

But beyond that, the mad policy of development being pursued by the Park Service and the Fish and Wildlife Service needed to be indicted for what it is — a blatant attempt to destroy one of the most magnificent animals of North America. The fact is that development leads to confrontations between grizzlies and humans, and that means bears are going to be killed. The agencies know this, but they continue to promote any scheme that encroaches on the great bear's habitat — from grazing sheep in the Targhee National Forest to constructing swank new restaurants of the type at Grant Village.

Our plan was to reoccupy a little bit of that habitat. For the occasion we brought along a momma bear, a papa bear, and a baby bear (in their human manifestations: Jeannine Wahlquist, Bob Kaspar, and their eight-year-old daughter Christina). The idea was a variation of Yogi Bear always getting in the Ranger's hair by stealing picnic baskets. In this case, the bears would order dinner and then refuse to pay since meals were free to the bears before the bloody restaurant went up. The rest of the EF!ers would make a hubbub and pass out information and so forth. When push came to shove and the rangers came, four of us at a separate table would start a collection among the regular folk to get everyone involved. If worse came to worst, we'd pay for the damn dinner ourselves. Yes, it's true: I was the shill in the Great Yellowstone Grizzly Bear Protest.

We all met about 5 PM in the parking lot of the lodge registration building. No kidding, there's an entire building in Grant Village dedicated solely to registering guests into the numerous "lodges" that have sprung up along the lake like monstrous skunk cabbages. There is also a post office, grocery store, restaurant — all done in a kind of posh countrified style, as if Minnie Pearl had tried to recreate Rodeo Drive from memory. The restaurant itself is the type of place where they fold the linen napkins into intricate configurations, but consistently overcook the trout.

We took our seats and waited for the bears. Bob came in and bellowed at the salad bar: "What's this stuff? This isn't bear food, where're the berries!?" The manager stood agape — she probably had never seen a bear before, never wanted to, which is why she took a job in Yellowstone. The bears ambled to a table and ordered overcooked trout. "Too many people," growled Bob, "not enough room for bears." Earth First!ers with antlers and animal ears handed out flyers describing the misdeeds of Park officials. Tourists in Yellowstone were actually discussing the fine points of grizzly habitat preservation.

It was quite a scene, but apparenetly more animal life than the Park Service could tolerate. The rangers arrived in a short time, nervous, bemused, seeming to sense how awkward it would be to roust out a bear in front of a hundred gawking tourists. They went straight for Mike Roselle and told him and the bears to leave without giving very coherent grounds why. There was an attempt to reason with the fellows, but the only thing high-brow about them was their funny hats. Some people shouted, "Leave the bears alone"; others mumbled orthodoxy in their soup spoons. My waiter — churl that he was — expressed a dislike for bears. Before we knew what was happening, Mike had drawn himself up to his full 6'6" height and said, "Either arrest me for breaking a law or let me eat my dinner in peace."

The rangers chose the former option and took Mike out handcuffed. Stunned, the entire Earth First! contingent followed after him. I left a three cent tip — one for each bear insulted.

At this point things started to get interesting. No one really expected to get arrested in this action, but by now the rangers were stomping around outside waving walkie-talkies with Miranda in their eyes. They began to arrest people helter-skelter — for distributing leaflets, they said, although the bear was the second to go and his paws had been empty all evening. They even got pushy and ordered the regular tourists like me out of the way — but damnit, I'm a Republican and a tax-payer and I had a right to see these crazy environmentalists getting arrested.

The whole process took over an hour. We were appalled at the officers' ill-breeding and lack of sense. But apparently we touched a nerve when we articulated the farce Yellowstone policy toward grizzlies has become. We were also appalled that the management made the EF!ers pay for their dinner, even though they were rather abruptly prevented from eating it by unwanted guests bearing handcuffs. After a few hours, sleepy environmentalists began to trickle out of the Grant Village ranger station with $50 fines in their pockets.

This was a significant protest. It received wide and sympathetic coverage in the regional press, and it embarrassed Park officials on their home turf, which they have tried to insulate from the controversy. (Editor's note: They even admitted in print that they were on shaky legal grounds under the Endangered Species Act in allowing both Grant Village and Fishing Bridge to operate. Come on, big environmental groups, how about a law suit?!) They have been doing their best to surreptitiously transform Yellowstone into a chic resort area for ignorant parvenu, and would prefer that the great bear quietly fade from the scene. But this was only a small first step in Earth First!'s efforts to make the destruction of the grizzly a national issue.

On our way back to Oregon, Marcy and I stopped off at the Boise zoo. A depressing place, where insane wolverines desperately repeat a figure eight pattern within their cages and Galapagos tortoises weep out of ancient, knowing eyes. We watching two smirking grizzly bears do tricks for laughing tourists who threw peanuts. And I thought, this is the vision of the world being offered to us by the type of people who run Yellowstone — a vision of constraint and misuse and devitalization. The bears are symbols of us and of what is being done to the wilderness in us. When the last grizzly is taken from Yellowstone and hauled off to some zoo, his smirk will be directed at the fellow prisoners on the other side of the bars and giddy at the lurking thought that there is no place left to which to escape anymore.

Save the Yellowstone grizzly and we save a piece of ourselves.

Earth First! will be mounting a major campaign, including direct action, against the mismanagement of Yellowstone National Park over the coming months. If you wish to participate, get in touch with John Davis in Tucson — POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703 (602)622-1371. More details on our Yellowstone campaign will be featured in the September issue of this paper.

Bears and friends in Grant Village Restaurant. Photo by David Cross.

Ranger arrests Papa Bear. David Cross photo.

YELLOWSTONE BISON ALSO THREATENED

By Keith Storey

Everyone knows that the grizzly bear is having problems surviving in the Yellowstone ecosystem. Now the Yellowstone bison is having many of those same problems. Presently there are approximately 2000 wild and free-ranging bison in the Park. The 400 - 500 bison in the northern herd are causing "problems." No, they're not trampling careless tourists. They have merely been expanding their wintering area north of the Park into Montana. This recolonization is taking place in what is apparently a historic wintering habitat for the bison in the Yellowstone River valley.

When they leave the National Park, they pass through agricultural and ranch lands around the town of Gardiner, Montana. There is also a theoretical but extremely limited possiblity that they may transmit brucellosis to domestic livestock in the area. Currently the Park Service has been using harrassing techinques such as trucks and helicopters to drive the bison back into the Park. However, this technique has been ineffective and costly. In a recent environmental assessment the NPS has proposed five alternatives to deal with the bison "problem."

The first alternative is to do nothing and let the state of Montana's Department of Fish, Wildlife, and Parks deal with it. This would allow the state to choose between driving the bison back into the Park, shooting them, or trapping them and transporting them elsewhere.

Secondly, the NPS could continue the current management plan. This does not seem to be successful in keeping the bison in the Park.

The third alternative is to build a fence to restrain the bison at the Park boundary. This six mile long, six foot high, woven wire fence would cost $500,000. It would force elk to migrate around the fence and would cause grazing, trampling, and concentration problems for all animals concerned. (Perhaps the fence would be a better idea if it just kept the tourists out but they would probably just migrate around it, too.)

The fourth alternative is to trap the bison that attempt to leave the Park and relocate them elsewhere in Yellowstone or on a new range in Montana, ship them to slaughter, or sell them to private parties. The Park Service believes it is doubtful that this trapping would work and it would be disturbing to other wildlife in the area, possibly displacing them and causing stress.

The fifth and preferred alternative by the NPS is to shoot any bison that attempt to leave the Park. This killing would be done by either NPS rangers or State of Montana game wardens. The dominant female bison would be killed first in an attempt to change the movement pattern of the herd. However, there is no guarantee that the killing will completely eliminate bison movement near Gardiner and the program may have to be continued on an annual or sporadic basis. The removal of bison carcasses may also eliminate a potentially valuable food source for grizzlies, eagles, and others. Although the NPS believes the impact would be minimal, considering the plight of the grizzly, even a minimal contribution to removing food sources may end up being critical.

Montana has "responded" to the bison problem. On April 19, 1985, the governor signed HB 763 which allows the hunting of bison which cross out of Yellowstone National Park. The grand sum of $50 will be charged for a license. But do we want hunters along the border of Yellowstone? The Park is already inadequately patrolled for poachers and what will keep the hunters from going into the Park and killing a few more bison or perhaps even a grizzly?

In this conflict between the Park and surrounding areas, as in other conflicts, the main concern seems to be to protect the private lands. Protecting the bison, grizzly, or wolf is of secondary concern. It is time for the Park Service to take a more aggressive stance in defense of Yellowstone wildlife. Instead of killing the bison, how about acquiring private agricultural and ranch lands around the Park which are natural winter range for Yellowstone wildlife and adding them to

continued on pg. 9

Yellowstone Needs Less Man, More Nature

by Michael Frome

For years I have yearned to visit Yellowstone in winter. This March I finally did. The scenery proved everything I had hoped for. But I found too much commercialization and too much misuse of a great sanctuary. Worse, I fear, is yet to come.

"The world's winter park," proclaimed the color brochure provided by TW Services, Inc., one of the two major concessioners. It struck me as the kind of promotional piece that might be designed to sell a resort or tourist attraction anywhere.

"Snowmobilers, too, find Old Faithful a warm home base from which to explore the park's miles of groomed roads, including the 'Grand Loop' tours with their convenient stops at warming huts," the brochure informed me. "Winter turns the geyser basins near Old Faithful into an otherworldly landscape, wreathed with the steam of the bubbling hot pools, hot springs and spouting geysers. Wildlife is much in evidence, often wandering right into the Old Faithful visitor complex. Elk, bison and smaller wildlife winter here in the low country where the forage is more easily available. After a brisk and busy day in the clear winter air, there's a warm fire, a hot drink and a good meal to return to while reliving days that make for years of memories!"

At midday in the front of the Snow Lodge I saw a hundred or more snowmobiles, their drivers in helmets and heavy winter clothing to shelter their heavy bodies, and a dozen or so passenger-carrying snow coaches, all comprising the other worldly elements that for me are strikingly misplaced in Yellowstone.

My Yellowstone, the Yellowstone that has given meaning to nature and the West since my boyhood, embodies wilderness, hardihood, adventure and — perhaps above all — idealism. The national park in its ideal sense embraces vast distances without factory, fumes of technology or firearms. Its spaciousness is a stronghold of wildlife — the grizzly bear, elk, bighorn sheep and bison — and for winged creatures such as the bald eagle, trumpeter swan, raven and great gray owl. Its spaciousness is for people, too, affording the chance to stretch one's legs beneath a clear sky and to show children an inspiring fragment of what the whole continent once was like.

I think of the 1870 party of exploration that spent four weeks investigating the region and then decided that no part of this wild wonderland should ever be privately exploited, but that all should be held by the government for the use of the people. The designation of Yellowstone by Congress two years later as the first national park certainly marked a singular stroke of vision and idealism, a milestone in human history.

Yellowstone was not intended to be a wildlife sanctuary. The original question was whether private or public ownership should govern a spectacular scenic resource. Nevertheless, after 1885 the last significant herd of bison found refuge in the park. So did the country's largest elk herds. Beavers still were common on many of the park's streams and brooks, though outside the boundaries these species had nearly been extirpated or had been reduced greatly in numbers. Even now, without Glacier National Park and Yellowstone there might be no grizzly anywhere in the US outside Alaska.

The Boone and Crockett Club, pioneering cadre of big game hunters, recognized the park as a haven for endangered species and for western wildlife. The club's challenge at first was directed at poaching and market hunting and adoption of a national policy against killing wildlife for profit. Later, in the face of destruction and reduction of habitats, the need also became clear for designated sanctuaries. Thus the Boone and Crockett crusade led to the passage of the act of 1894 "for the protection of Yellowstone National Park," which brought an end to hunting previously allowed for recreation and food and created the model for national parks everywhere.

As our country's flagship national park, Yellowstone should be the shining example of things done right. Instead, it embodies things done wrong and steadily worsening. In my own time I've watched the park gripped by the principle that commercialization comes first, that Yellowstone must accommodate politics, business and people pressures, appropriate or not. In the 1960s, for instance, a massive tourist development called Canyon Village was planted in the heart of Yellowstone's wild country. The Old Faithful viewing area is now graced with a misplaced visitor center and a highway overpass that pollutes the air with automobile exhaust. Tens of thousands of visitors compact the surrounding earth, oblivious to the subterranean cannonading of the great geyser.

"Crime is running rampant," a feature article in the Billings (Montana) *Gazette* reported in 1972. "The drug problem is as serious as in any city. And there are simply too many people using the park. Campers rapidly are destroying the land, and automobiles are gravely polluting the air. Also there are a number of people entering the park who think this wilderness is another Disneyland. They have provoked bears into violent attacks. They are destroying the natural wonders in various ways, such as by sliding on algae found around geysers. They are tossing coins and assorted junk into thermal pools, especially the once-beautiful Morning Glory pool. They have no idea about how to perform in wilderness."

Some things have changed for the better, of course, but not enough, and more have changed for the worse. Twenty years ago, wildlife got a respite in winter. Today, TW Services, Inc., proudly heralds the debut of Yellowstone as "one ofthe world's great winter destinations." Snowmobiles number more than 35,000, drawn by the certainty of snow and the convenience of having the loop road groomed in their behalf.

Yes, wildlife appears to accept the intrusion, complete with quiet-shattering noise and smells, but that doesn't mean the animals remain unaffected or unchanged. The scene and scenario, as I observe them, are unholy and unworthy. The impact on wild creatures during the cold months, when they struggle to survive, must be critical. Moreover, this is their country, not mine. As a visitor I ought to expect to enter on their terms, rather than relying on some mechanical marvel epitomizing the antithesis of wilderness.

While in Yellowstone I went to the new development at Grant Village, a massive tourist enclave bordering Yellowstone lake — buildings to accommodate 300 units already constructed, with an additional 400 units still to come, plus the facilities of TW Services, Inc., and Hamilton Stores as reminders of the chronic commercial presence. Grant Village supposedly was designed to replace an older development at Fishing Bridge, which lies on a route of grizzly bears. But Fishing Bridge still is going strong as a consequence of other commercial pressures, while Grant Village itself impinges on grizzly territory.

We should stop allowing Yellowstone to be operated as an outdoor amusement park. Its prime role should be to preserve a fragment of the original pioneer West. Through such preservation, it serves as a laboratory for learning; as a reservoir of animal and plant life threatened elsewhere; as a means of interpreting the operation of these systems for the benefit of mankind as a part of nature.

To make Yellowstone a model sanctuary, the whole park should be closed to all vehicular traffic — automobiles as well as snowmobiles — for at least five years. Only those willing to walk or ski or snowshoe into the park should be allowed entry during this time. This doesn't mean the exclusion of people. It means ensuring the protection of trail and campfire country for optimum use and enjoyment. This would enable contact with wildlife on a higher level. My readings, for instance, tell me that grizzly bears and humans can coexist but that it is necessary to control *our* density, rather than theirs; to control human use of the backcountry.

The national park idea is a far-reaching cultural achievement, as biologist Adolph Murie pointed out, for here we raise our thoughts above the average and enter a sphere in which the tangible values of the human heart and spirit take precedence. "Our task is to perpetuate this freedom and purity of nature, this ebb and flow of life — first, by ensuring ample park boundaries so that the region is large enough to maintain the natural relationships, and second, to hold man's intrusions to the minimum," Murie stressed. Yellowstone is the place above all places to undo the accumulated damages of the past and to prove that this idea really can work within the American scheme of things.

Michael Frome is the dean of American environmental writers. This article is reprinted with the permission of the author from ***Defenders,*** *the magazine of Defenders of Wildlife.*

WHAT YOU CAN DO

The administration of Yellowstone National Park has proved their contempt for their moral responsibility to protect the wildlife and wilderness of America's greatest National Park. It's time to go over the heads of these politically corrupt wimps. Write the new director of the National Park Service:

Mr. William Penn Mott, Director
National Park Service
Dept. of Interior
Washington, DC

and urge him to:

1) Investigate the administration of Yellowstone National Park and correct the pro-development, anti-wildlife course taken in the last several years by appointing a new conservation-oriented Superintendent and top staff;

2) Support the purchase and addition to Yellowstone National Park of necessary bison winter range to the north of the Park in Montana that are now private agricultural and ranch lands;

3) Remove both the Fishing Bridge and Grant Village developments immediately from the Park and return these areas to the grizzly.

The Higher Specie*

By Dennis Fritzinger

In Yellowstone
there lives a bear—
his name is Mr. Griz—
of all the places
on the Earth,
that's one of the few he is.

Somebody, sometime,
made a plan
Grant's Village for to build—
for that, the camp
at Fishing Bridge
summarily would be killed.

The rationale,
was habitat
at Fishing Bridge was better—
though not by much—
than at Grant's Village
spot, so goes the letter.

And so they built—
the bulldozers
that did the deed horrific
still stand around,
or moving, kick
up dust clouds quite terrific.

And is the camp
at Fishing Bridge
now closed thru every season?
Nay, it is not—
the campground is
still there; and what's the reason?

It matters little—
Mr. Griz
has been betrayed, as ever—
by scheming tiny
piggish minds
of pustules too clever.

These scabs,
these open sores of men,
who claim that they but follow
the letter of the law,
instead
have beat the Law all hollow.

**Title credit goes to Mark Williams.*

Bison (cont)

Yellowstone National Park? Don't the bison have the right to use their traditional wintering grounds? Or will the bison in Yellowstone go the way of the grizzly?

Keith Storey spent three summers working in Yellowstone National Park and currently lives in Berkeley, California.

Yellowstone Ranger arresting Earth First!ers. David Cross photo.

WASHINGTON STATE RENDEZVOUS

By The Mossman

It was June 15th when a horde of Earth First!ers roared into the Skykomish Basin of Washington State's North Cascades. For two days we camped, sang, talked, bellowed and basked in the glory of the Cathedral Forests along the West Cady Creek drainage. These are forests which are only protected by the passionate commitment of Earth First!ers who have put the Freddies on notice: ***CADY CREEK WILL NOT BE LOGGED OR ROADED!*** No discussion, no compromise.

Cady Creek, like Eagle Rock, the Kettle Range, Dark Divide, Okanogan Highlands, and virtually every lowland timbered valley in the state, was purposely ignored in the recent Washington State Wilderness Act. Washington's Wilderness Bill in most areas only legalizes the continued destruction of our remaining Old Growth Forests. The Thirteen Mile Basin in the Kettle Range, for example, contains the most impressive groves of Ponderosa pine remaining in Washington and perhaps the world. Without direct action defense, this forest will soon disappear! The "compromise" (COMPROMISED!) bill allowed Washington Second District Congressman Al Swift (D) to assure the timber industry that the lines were drawn with their interests protected. The trees are outside the Wilderness line. Of the available RARE II lands only 28.6% received Wilderness protection.

With this in mind there was voiced support for several sensible measures which are necessary for the restoring of the ecological stability of our region. If we are to get back on a sane course, we had damn well better:

1) Reintroduce wolves into the Olympic Mountains. This is a move already considered by the National Park Service but which was rejected because of possible adverse reactions by a few local ranchers. This conflict could be easily solved by closing Highway 101 at Port Angeles and Queets.

2) Regenerate a million acre wilderness along Puget Sound, probably including Cypress Island.

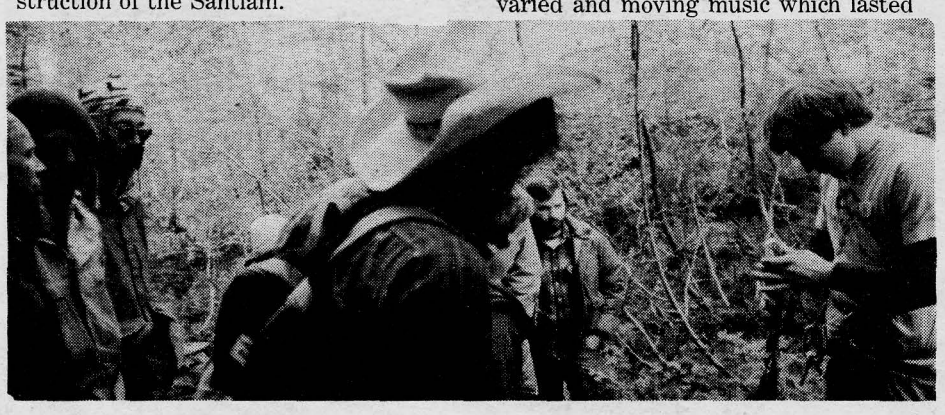
3) Create a 500,000 acre Salmo-Priest Caribou National Monument, including the Kettle Range and parts of Idaho. This is certainly a necessity in order to save the only herd of caribou left in the lower 48, as well as the grizzlies and wolves that roam this area.

4) Undertake the systematic freeing of the Columbia River, beginning with the destruction of Grand Coulee Damn and draining the sewage lagoon named after President Roosevelt.

The high pressure that grew over the North Cascades this weekend sent the unmistakable message to the forces of destruction that Earth First! is alive in the Pacific Northwest — the geographical and geological cornerstone, and ecological heartland of the lower 48. Here, the friends of Gaia are awake and ready to defned the ecosystem.

Concerns were addressed, songs were sung, commitments were made, joy was in the air, beverages were consumed, stories were told, and our allegiance to Mother Earth was affirmed.

Amongst the banter and frivolity, a free movement was strengthened and evolved toward effective action. When camp broke, the high pressure rolled down the SKY, as the river is affectionately known to her friends, on to Forest Service Region 6 Headquarters in Portland to join those protesting the destruction of the Santiam.



By The Druid

For two drizzling days, the Druid watched Mitch (Bruce Budworm) and the Mossman cut firewood and shovel fire rings into shape. He thought he got to watch because he had delegated the responsibility to his two friends. But actually it was because the Mossman is a responsible fellow anyway, and because the Budworm is enthusiastic. So enthusiastic, that the blisters he received from using ax and shovel brought only the comment, "I've been a college student for too damn long!"

Firewood stacked and campground prepared, we sat back to hope for the sun and a good turnout. We were not disappointed on either account . . . .

The West Cady Creek Gathering on June 15 & 16 was an enjoyable success. In attendance were 50 people from all corners of Washington State, plus Oregon's Middle Santiam contingent and a few Earth First!ers from Colorado, California, and Australia. The sun was blazing and, like West Cady Creek itself, the beer flowed freely. Hikes were taken through miles of lush fir, hemlock, and cedar OLD GROWTH, some in their second millenium, to the top of West Cady Ridge where the tracks of a cougar crisscrossed the snow.

There was too much to do in two days, so activities overlapped. Old friends reunited and new friends introduced themselves to the sounds of McIvey's blues guitar and Mike Roselle's mouth organ and banter. Murry and Bernhizel warned of the dangers of a ski resort in the Methow Valley. Construction may begin this fall, tertiary water treatment and tax increases notwithstanding. Doug Fir of Middle Santiam tree occupation fame demonstrated his tree climbing techniques, and by Saturday night Budworm was dropping his commitments in Seattle for new ones in the Middle Santiam. We've temporarily lost a Washington organizer, but Oregon's gained an eco-freak, blisters and all. They'll be calluses by the campaign's end.

The Zipperers from the Kettle Range, the distant and misunderstood far northeast corner of Washington, told the story of endangered roadless areas — especially Thirteen Mile Creek and its threatened old growth Pondersoa pine forest.

A short session on National Forest planning and timber sales appeals was held.

Tom Rawson opened the evening concert with eco-folk music. Topaz and McIvey played red-hot mama songs and Nagasaki belted out a few bars. Bob Worthington and his band, Northwind, from Anacortes, played set after set of varied and moving music which lasted into the morning. After carrying a jug of wine around for hours, Bruce Budworm was dreaming of great heights. The Druid walked around with a branch of cedar on his head, feeling in touch with the community of trees, animals, people and mountain spirits.

We may not have locked up any old growth this weekend, but seeds were planted that (with nuturing) will bear fruit in the years to come. As Roselle says, you can identify and raise issues, but you can't always create situations. We have identified (sadly) a large number of issues in the state, and action is being taken. Slide shows are being developed on the Methow and Kettle Range, and there will be a Hallowe'en benefit in Seattle. As EF! repeatedly admits and daily demonstrates, it cannot and does not want to be all things to all people. Earth First! is a style and an attitude more than a set of rules. EF!ers aren't the type to take orders anyway. We enjoy doing what we do best. As the Norwegian student of deep ecology, Arne Naess, has written in *In Sceptical Wonder:* "Pluralism is inescapable, and nothing to lament. Reality is one, but if accounts of it are identical, this only reveals cultural poverty."

Twelve hours after leaving West Cady Creek with garbage cans full of beer bottles, the Druid crawled out of bed, satisfied with his first decent sleep in four nights. After eating cheeseburgers and drinking more beer, and buying a new tire for his VW van, Outside Agitator Roselle (according to his business card) and Oregon EF! packed up their weird press releases and gonzo statements, their tree climbing gear and top secret phone lists. It's been decided that the oldest trees in Oregon, the Squaw Creek Ancient Ones, are in danger. The Nomadic Action Group is on 72 hour alert for imminent action in the newly named Millenium Grove. There is activity in the air and the game is afoot . . . . The Forest Circus and the timber beasts aren't the only players in the wilderness game.

Rolled On Columbia

by Doug Fir
(with no apologies to
Woody Guthrie)

Green Douglas-fir where the waters cut through,
Down the wild canyons and valleys she flew;
But now you are stagnant and we am so blue,
Rolled on Columbia, rolled on.

Chorus:

Rolled on, Columbia, rolled on;
Rolled on, Columbia, rolled on.
Your dams have turned our lifeline to pus,
So rolled the Columbia, rolled on.

Many great rivers added water to you:
Yakima, Snake, and the Klickitat, too;
Sandy Willamette and Hood River too,
Rolled on Columbia, rolled on. [Chorus]

At Bonnevile now there's a damn in the path,
The waters have risen and buried the grass;
Most of the salmon now fail to pass,
Rolled on Columbia, rolled on. [Chorus]

And on up the river are many more damns,
The biggest slackwater ever built by man;
To make aluminum foil and all those beer cans,
It's rolled on Columbia, rolled on. [Chorus]

Barges of wheat float by on the muck,
While the few salmon ride in a government truck.
It's simply another corporate FUCK,
So rolled the Columbia, rolled on. [Chorus]

Those mighty bastards labored by day and by night,
Matching their greed 'gainst the river's wild flight;
The rapids and falls they lost the hard fight,
Rolled on, Columbia, rolled on. [Chorus]

Conservationists labored by day and by night,
Seeking to restore the river's wild flight;
So Celilo Falls may again be in sight,
Roll on Columbia, roll on! [New Chorus]

New Chorus (with gusto):

Roll on Columbia, roll on;
Roll on Columbia, roll on.
Your Waters again will flow free and clear,
So roll on, Columbia, roll on.

At Bonneville soon there'll be a hole in the locks,
The waters will lower and clear all the rocks;
And salmon again will build up their stocks,
Roll on Columbia, roll on. [New Chorus]

OZARK NATIONAL PINE PLANTATION

By Feels the Wind

Here in the Ozark Mountains of northern Arkansas, the biggest threat to the environment is often the United States Forest Service.

Just over ten years ago the Forest Service was using planes spraying 2,4-D and Agent Orange to kill large areas of hardwood trees in the Ozark National Forest. They were attempting to convert the decidely deciduous land to more easily controlled and profitable pine plantations. However, the rugged hills which were being coated with chemicals were the home of many people who depended on springs and shallow wells for drinking water. These hills are riddled with caves and underground streams that drain the hardwood forest and feed the springs. Some people figured their safety was being threatened by the aerial spraying. The Feds would not stop, so a small group of citizens formed to fight them. After taking the battle to District Court, an injunction was granted to the Newton County Wildlife Association which stopped the USFS from aerial application of herbicides containing TCDD (dioxin) on the Ozark/St. Francis National Forests.

The airplanes no longer spray their deadly mist over these green mountains but the Forest Service still uses chemical treatment on large parts of the public's Forests. At least 13 essentially unproven and potentially disruptive substances, including 2,4-D Amine, Picloram, Oust, hexazione, and Dicamba, will be used on the Ozark/St. Francis in fiscal 1985 to kill more than 10,500 acres of trees and brush. The main methods of application are now hypo-hatchet stem injection, ground spray and pellets.

According to the manufacturer, Velpar (hexazione) has a half life of from one to six months in warm moist soil. The FS told me no one is quite sure how this stuff works but it stops photosynthesis in broadleaf plants and that's all they need to know. Stops photosynthesis? Great. The basic fact of life on this planet is photosynthesis. It is the building block that allows the ecological structure to exist. That includes us. Now our Forest Service is stopping photosynthesis as part of their resource management scheme. All of those chemicals they advocate and use must have affected their brains.

Today most of the chemicals are used ostensibly to save money and manpower in the even-age clearcutting practices pursued by the USFS to strip the land. But a recent economic analysis done by Randal O'Toole shows the Ozark/St. Francis is losing and will lose more than $3 million each year for the next ten years through its timber management practices. O'Toole's computer study of the Forest Service's own FORPLAN computer model also indicated that only 42% of this Forest is at all suitable for timber production at true projected prices and costs. There is supposed to be multiple-use of the many National Forest resources and the USFS is mandated by Congress to give more or less equal emphasis to recreation, wildlife, timber, watershed and wilderness. But, get this fellow citizens, 54% of the total 1985 Ozark/St. Francis National Forests budget is going for timber production and the associated road building and chemical onslaught that goes with it. They intend to *increase* this percentage. This is surely not what the people want. Why should we subsidize the timber industry? Give them free roads and technology to despoil the Forest? I've seen every dogwood and other understory tree hypo-hatcheted off a forty acre clearcut on a steep slope along a branch that feeds a Wilderness Area two miles downstream. Is that what they call multi-use, sustained yield, safe, competent forest management?

The Ozark/St. Francis has released its draft environmental impact statement and Forest Plan for the next ten years. Even-age management (clearcutting) is the only type of timber production scheme considered among the eight alternatives offered in this plan. There is no selective cutting or uneven-age management alternative. There is no custodial alternative. Timber management specialists with the Ozark/St. Francis claim they've been clearcutting for twenty-five years and it's more economically productive than uneven-age management. We asked to see a twenty-five year old hardwood regeneration clearcut and have been delayed for weeks while local rangers tried to find one. We only want to see for ourselves how well they are protecting the natural diversity and balance of our forests. There is little research available testing the various common methods of hardwood timbering practices in the Ozarks. Records of timber management go back only ten years or so.

One fact is known. The proposed Forest Plan advocates clearcutting over 50,000 acres in the next ten years and most of the Forest will be put into some kind of a harvest rotation scheme. At least six hundred acres per year will be "converted" to pine. They claim this is for *wildlife thermal cover!* But the timber from the inital clearcut is sold. Then chemcial weedkillers are used at least three times on the site to enable the planted pines to compete. The latest DEIS says pine conversion will lower the soil pH and fetility. In this area, pine stands grow naturally only on sites too poor to sustain hardwoods. Pines and cedars are tree pioneers, the hardwoods are the ultimate stage. So it would appear that conversion is degradation of the land. The planners have decided to cut these wildlife openings (30 acres) throughout the Forest. Most of them will be near roads. Poaching is a big problem around here and the openings are remote and perfect for deer poachers. I can see little use to wildlife from this system.

Recreation is far more valuable than timber production in the Ozark/St. Francis National Forests. Millions of dollars are generated by tourists, hunters, fishermen, campers, hikers, canoeists and their attendant industry. Timber sales lose the public money and only the lumber companies and a few loggers benefit economically from them. There are still fine, clear streams here, but threatened with logging pollution, private desecration, and the Corps of Engineers. Damning is a possibility (it's already happened to the finest and largest rivers). Wilderness Areas are being ringed with roads and clearcuts. Natural places identified in RARE II are being roaded and harvested.

Many of my fellow environmentalists in Arkansas are involving themselves with detailed response and alternatives to the proposed Forest Plan. Some of us believe the basic problem is overmanagement for timber production at the expense of other resource opportunities. Clearcutting, with its admitted detrimental effects — erosion, wildlife disturbance, increased noise level, stream sedimentation, reduction in visual and air quality — is actually debasing the Forest for the other resources. And what about the potentially great danger from synthetic chemicals in our soil, air and water? What about the ecological implications of reducing natural diversity on large chunks of Earth?

We believe that timber management (and associated roads) should utilize only about 20% of the available budget and manpower. The primary method of logging should be individual selection using the least damaging equipment possible. On many sites that means animal or cable skidding as opposed to the very destructive diesel skidders now employed. No herbicides should be allowed or be necessary with individual selection logging. There should be little erosion, wildlife habitat disturbance or aesthetic damage through selective logging. This would effect the environment in the least negative manner of any harvesting scheme.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Senator Dale Bumpers (D-Arkansas) expects the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee to hold oversight hearings on Forest Service timber policies. As a member of that committee, Bumpers says he will take the initiative in seeking resolution of the questions being raised about protection and management of our public lands. That's encouraging and I hope all readers of *Earth First!* will contact Senator Bumpers with specific information, complaints or suggestions.

Also, please write Ozark/St. Francis National Forests Supervisor James Crouch to complain about his management policies. Send a copy to Forest Service Chief Max Peterson.

Our National Forests are a lot more valuable than the timber they can grow. They filter air and acid rain, and provide a refuge for the natural spirit of humankind. We must be sure to maintain the Forests in as natural a condition as possible. Please write the officials today.

Senator Dale Bumpers
US Senate
Washington, DC 20510

Supervisor James Crouch
Ozark/St. Francis National Forests
POB 1008
Russellville, AR 72801

R. Max Peterson, Chief
US Forest Service
POB 2417
Washington, DC 20013

DAMS THREATEN CANADA'S GRAND CANYON

By Rabinowitz

Hailed as Canada's counterpart to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Grand Canyon of the Stikine River in British Columbia has been recognized by Parks Canada as a "truly spectacular feature of the Canadian northwest," and rated by them as an area of national landmark interest. A group known as Friends of the Stikine characterizes the area as follows:

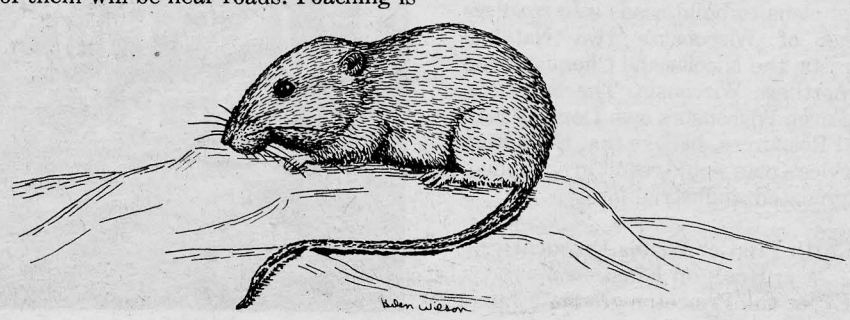
For 90 kilometres the Stikine River has incised a precipitous narrow chasm in the lava flows of neighboring Mount Edziza, in places reaching a depth of over 500 metres. Mountain goats patrol its walls and birds of prey nest on inaccessible ledges. As yet seen by few people because of its remoteness, the Grand Canyon of the Stikine is one of Canada's great natural wonders.

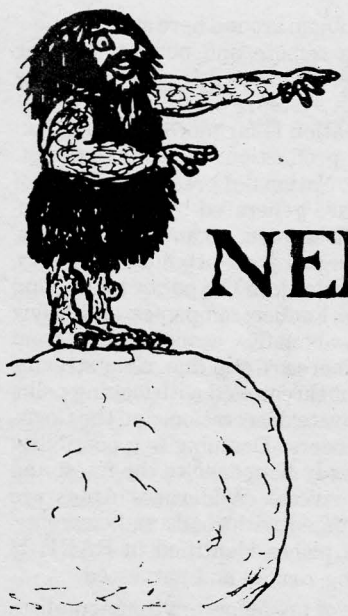
Nearly a decade ago a Parks Canada survey team recommended that the entire Stikine upstream of the Alaskan border be set aside as a wild river because of its many attributes. The headwaters of the river are now protected within the Spatsizi Plateau Wilderness Provincial Park, and its delta is protected within Alaska's Stikine-LeConte Wilderness Area. But the canyon itself remains unprotected and is being actively considered by BC Hydro for the construction of two major electricity generating dams. The only way this electricty will be used is through direct export to the United States, failure to institute effective local energy conservation programs, and the development of energy-intensive industries such as aluminum smelting. Further, the Tahltan people have occupied this land from time immemorial — dam construction would be an arrogant and irreversible commitment of their land before their land claims are even settled.

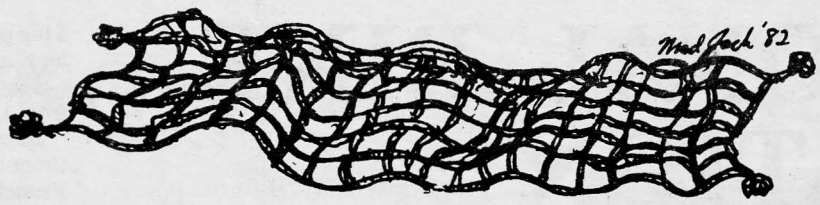
WHAT YOU CAN DO

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado has been similarly threatened with reservoir development, but US citizens fought to prevent this and succeeded. Now Canadians are launching a battle to preserve the wilderness of the Stikine for us all. They could use your help. To contribute to this work or for more information, write:

Friends of the Stikine
4669 Drummond Drive
Vancouver, BC V6R-1E8
CANADA







NEMESIS NEWS NET

By Australopithicus

NAG Seeks Actions and Assistance

Earth First's Nomadic Action Group met at the Round River Rendezvous and discussed future actions and funding for those actions. NAG is considering actions in Maine (vs. the Big A Dam), East Texas (vs. felling trees in Wilderness Areas), Hawaii (vs. clearing a 2000 acre volcanic-area rainforest), Montana (vs. Hall Creek oil drilling), and other areas facing ecological bespoilment. NAG will seek funds from the EF! Foundation and also welcomes donations directly (make your check out to Nomadic Action Group and send to POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703). NAG needs your help: NAG does not want to go to areas uninvited. If you need outside help (organizers, experts in civil disobedience, etc.) for an environmental battle, write to the NAG coordinator, John Davis, at EF! in Tucson. Describe your issue, location, what sort of help you need, etc. NAG will probably consist of a small number of core members and as many other helpers as we can gather. Please contact us in Tucson if you can donate money or gear (camping, climbing, and cooking gear, vehicles) or time.

ALF Raids Lab, Freeing Hundreds of Animals

During World Lab Animals Week in April, the Animal Liberation Front (ALF) broke into a lab in Riverside, California, and rescued nearly 1000 animals being used for painful experiments in psychology. ALF also seized incriminating records kept by experimenters, and performed similar actions in other parts of the country.

EPA Officially Ends Ban on 1080

The EPA has ended the ban on Compound 1080 in order to make the livestock industry's war on coyotes more effective. For the present, the EPA will restrict the use of 1080 to baited collars worn by sheep in enclosed areas (to minimize deaths of non-target species frequently caused by other uses of 1080), but the EPA is allowing the Inferior Dept. to test other1080 applications. Environmentalists suspect that EPA's restrictions on uses of 1080 will go unenforced and that they will soon loosen restrictions.

Raven Dies a Hero's Death

Last March, a raven in Anchorage, Alaska died a martyr. The raven flew into a pair of high-voltage lines, causing a short-circuit that squelched electric power throughout much of Anchorage for an hour. Birds can touch one wire without being harmed, but if they touch two, they become electrical conduits — and if they're lucky, successful monkeywrenchers. Hundreds of squirrels and birds have succeeded in causing power outages in the past few years in the Anchorage area.

Wisconsin Botanists Debate Forest Circus over Road Building

In June in Madison, botanists bombarded USFS officials about the Freddies' plans to build roads into roadless areas of Wisconsin's two National Forests, the Nicolet and Chequamegon in northern Wisconsin. The botanists, and even Wisconsin's own Dept. of Natural Resources, believe that the Forest Service's plan would result in an eroded, fragmented, industrial forest.

Earth First!er Writes Provocative Book on Einstein

EF!er and Princeton graduate Jamie Sayen, in *Einstein in America*, writes of Einstein not so much as a physicist but as a humble, peaceful person. We've heard from EF!'s very own uncompromising editor and critic that Sayen's book is uncommonly good. It is available in hardback for $17.95 from Crown Publishers, Inc., One Park Ave., New York, NY 10016.

Deep Ecology and Despair-and-Empowerment Unite

Joanna Macy, author of the highly regarded *Despair and Empowerment in the Nuclear Age*, and John Seed, coordinator of the Rainforest Information Centre, have begun healing festivals which combine deep ecology with despair-and-empowerment work. The festival held June 20-22 in the Nimbin area of Australia was called Council of All Beings because participants each chose an animal to represent in the discussions and visualizing of extinction. Persons interested in this union of deep ecology and despair-and-empowerment can contact John Seed in Australia. (See EF! directory in this issue.)

Nicaragua Today: The Spirit of the Land and her People

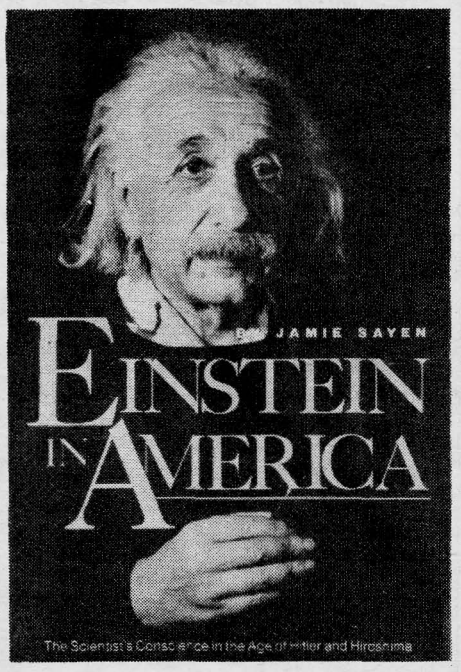
From July 2 to August 17, an exhibition of color pictures of Nicaragua by Earth First!er Tim Jeffries will be open to the public, Tuesday to Saturday 12-6, at Evergreen Gallery, 27 Throckmorton, Mill Valley, CA.

Australian Firm Begins Logging Australia's Richest Rainforest

Foxwood Pty. Ltd., a subsidiary of Email Pty. Ltd., has begun felling the tropical rainforest of Downey Creek in northern Queensland. Downey Creek is classified A1 on the Webb Tracey scale, which means that it has the most varied wildlife of any rainforest in Australia. The Rainforest Information Centre is prepared to alert environmentalists thoughout Australia of this problem and of the consumer products produced by Email in case action against Email is necessary to stop its logging.

APPEN Promotes UN Consolidated List of Hazardous Products

The Asian-Pacific Peoples' Environment Network (APPEN) is pushing for the development by the United Nations of the Consolidated List of Hazardous Products. In December 1984 at the UN, 126 countries voted in favor of this list; only the US voted against it. Americans can help APPEN by writing in support of the List to: Mr. Javier Perez de Cuellar, Secretary-General, United Nations, New York, NY 10017; and protesting US opposition to the List to: President Reagan, White House, Washington, DC 20500. It also helps to send copies of these letters to newspapers.



ONRC Will Hold 3rd Annual Walk Around Waldo

The Oregon Natural Resources Council seeks walkers, runners, and boaters for its Walk-Run-Paddle Around Waldo Lake, on Labor Day Weekend. For more info on this wilderness fundraiser contact: Oregon Natural Resources Council, 1161 Lincoln St., Eugene, OR 97401 (503-344-0675). Also contact ONRC if you'd like info on their annual conference, featuring environmental education programs, to be held Sept. 13-15 at Coos Bay.

A Coors as Governor?

Holly Coors, wife of Joe Coors who owns Coors Brewing Co., may run for governor of Colorado in 1986. This dreadful news makes one wonder why we can't have more real women in political positions, rather than monsters like Maggie Thatcher or a monster's wife like Holly Coors.

Gypsy Moths' Revenge

In Maryland recently, an airplane spraying to eradicate gypsy moths was hit by a bullet which investigators think was intentionally aimed at the plane. The bullet did $1000 worth of damage and left the pilot unharmed.

New Mexico Livestock Owners Bellyache over Increased Fees

The New Mexico Cattle Growers Association (more appropriately called NM Cattle & Grovellers Assoc.) and the NM Farm and Livestock Bureau whimpered that the 2 1/2 fold increase in New Mexico state lands grazing fees is a "shameful attack on a financially-strapped minority." Anyone who believes such swill should read *Sacred Cows at the Public Trough.*

Women's Writings about Wilderness Experiences Wanted

Women willing to share their wilderness-related fiction, art, or (preferably) actual lived experiences — for an anthology from which proceeds go to help low-income girls have wilderness adventures — should send them to: Journeys, RD#1, Box 327 Tupper Rd., Spencer, NY 14883.

Three Excellent New Environmental Booklets Available

Our National Forests: Lands in Peril is available from: The Wilderness Society, 1400 Eye St., NW, Washington, DC 20005. This booklet describes deficit timber sales, roads and trails in National Forests, and Forest Service budget and planning.

National Forest Trails: Neglected and Disappearing can be obtained from: Wells Associates, Inc., 5180 NE Sullivan Rd., Bainbridge Island, WA 98110. This tells of how the Forest Service, in its exuberance for building roads, has neglected trails.

US/Canada SO2 Point Source Directory is sold by: North American Water Office, 1519A East Franklin Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55404. This is a directory of the 507 largest point sources of SO2 (10,000 tons per year and over) in the US and Canada. The booklet is matched by a map showing the 507 culprits.

Letter-Writing Action

There are multitudes of urgent environmental battles whose outcome may be affected by written input from concerned citizens. The following are a few of the more important battles for which to write.

Arizona residents: Ask legislators (Senator _____, US Senate, Washington, DC 20510; Representative _____, US House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20515) to stop Grand Canyon overflights, stop uranium mining near the Grand Canyon, and prevent astronomical observatory developments on Mt. Graham.

Utah residents: Ask legislators to investigate and reverse the decision of the Utah State Division of Oil, Gas, and Mining to grant an oil drilling permit to Transco for a well just outside Hovenweep National Monument. Also ask them to reject Kennecott's ludicrous proposal to leave its huge open pit copper mine outside Salt Lake City unreclaimed as an historic site.

Colorado residents: Ask legislators to oppose 2 evil water projects — the Homesake II diversion in the Holy Cross Wilderness, and the Two Forks Reservoir on the South Platte.

California residents: Ask James Boynton (Forest Supervisor, Sierra National Forest, 1130 O St., Rm. 3017, Fresno, CA 93721) and Representative Tony Coehho to support Wild and Scenic designation for the main stem and south fork of the Merced River. Send negative comments on the Keating proposal (FERC/3581) for a project on the main stem of the Merced to: Kenneth Plum, Secretary, Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, 825 N. Capitol St. NE, Washington, DC 20426. Write to legislators and Donald Hodel (Secretary of Interior, Washington, DC 20240) in opposition to the permit recently granted by EPA to McClelland Engineers for 32 exploratory oil wells off the coast of northern California. Ask Governor George Deukmejian (State Capitol, Sacramento, California 95814) to buy the land in the Sinkyone still inhabited by old growth redwoods offered for sale by Georgia-Pacific.

Florida residents: Ask city and county officials to ban the planting of melaleuca trees — an imported species that encourages forest fires. Ask legislators to approve funds for manual removal of these trees.

American residents: Ask your legislators to support reauthorization of a strong Coastal Zone Management Act which provides state funding and requires industries and the federal government to meet or exceed state environmental protection guidelines. Write to legislators, especially Jesse Helms (he's not quite as benighted a chairperson on the Agriculture Committee as he would have been on the Foreign Relations Committee) in support of organic farming provisions of the Agricultural Productivity Act. Ask representatives to support HR 1295, and senators to support S 1039, to place a 3 year moratorium on ocean incineration of hazardous wastes. Ask legislators to cosponsor the bills (S 826 in the Senate, HR 1888 in the House) to stop the Westway highway project in New York. Write a friendly letter to President Reagan suggesting that his life would be much more pleasant, and his cancer would be less likely to spread, if he would simply leave the complicated world of politics and return to his ranch.

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SALMON RIVER REPORT

MIDDLE FORK SALMON OVERUSE

I work seasonally for the Forest Service. One of my current responsibliities is trying to make it look like 8000 people a year don't go down Idaho's Middle Fork of the Salmon River. Eight thousand! The FS is supposed to follow the guidelines of a system called the limits of acceptable change. A campsite analysis trip last summer showed that those limits have been clearly exceeded already. Once beautiful camps are now beaten down dust bowls devoid of all natural vegetation.

Despite the obvious evidence that the river is already overused/abused, the FS has decided to increase the number of visitor days. Under pressure by private river runners to have the ratio of private use to commercial (outfitter) use closer to equal, the FS has increased the number of private boaters that can launch with each party from 15 to 24. The outfitter size limit is 24 guests plus 6 guides.

Now it will no longer be possible to rotate smaller groups into the most popular outfitter camps to give them some relief; even small, less desirable camps will receive a heavy use each night. Three commercial and three private launches are allowed per day, or 162 people per day!

The private party size on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River should be reduced to its former level of 15. The size of outfitter groups should be reduced to 15 guests and 5 guides; and 2, not 3, launches a day for each group. This would allow 70 people per day.

To express your concern with the overuse/abuse of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, write: Peggy Fox, District Ranger, Middle Fork Ranger District, PO Box 337, Challis, ID 83226; and Ted Anderson, River Manager (same address). Tell them you are a river runner who would rather miss a year or two of floating on the Middle Fork to see the river/camps less heavily impacted.

RIVER OF NO RETURN MINING

Inside the Frank Church/River of No Return Wilderness (or the Church), astride the headwaters of Monumental Creek and Marble Creek stands Thunder Mountain. From some of the peaks on the opposite edge of the Church Wilderness you may soon see the lights of the Sunnyside Project mining operation.

A narrow, rocky road winds across the Payette National Forest, through seven miles of the Church Wilderness to arrive at the patented and privately owned lands of the Thunder Mountain mining district. Mining activity on Thunder Mountain has always been bad news. In 1907 a landslide came off the mountain, damming Monumental Creek and olbiterating the mining town of Roosevelt. In 1983 the Dewey mine spilled tons of tailing sludge into Monumental Creek (for the 2nd time), killing fish and burying the stream bed under poisonous sediments.

Now new mining is taking place on Thunder Mountain. The Sunnyside Project will move over into Marble Creek which drains more directly and farther upstream into the Middle Fork of the Salmon. This outrage should be stopped before any more cyanide and sediment from Thunder Mountain mining go, with our wilderness water quality, down the river.

CORPSE OF ENGINEERS EYES SALMON

At the confluence of the Lemhi and Salmon Rivers sits the town of Salmon. On winters with extended cold spells, ice backs up from the deadwater area of the Salmon River 26 miles downstream. Flooding occurs, primarily along the Lemhi River. To eliminate this flooding the Army Corpse of Engineers has proposed a list of four alternatives: a levee system in the town of Salmon, removal of structures from the floodplain, no action, or a radical channelization and filling of the deadwater area. This section of the Salmon River is protected by Congress under the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. There is strong local political support to relieve the periodic flooding.

Another proposal, by the Idaho Fish & Game hired firm Geomax, calls for a series of spur dikes along the deadwater area to crowd the river at low flows into a narrow channel to increase its velocity and avoid the ice build-up.

Send objections to: US Army Corps of Engineers, Walla Walla District, Bldg. 602, City/County Airport, Walla Walla, WA 99362. Tell them that the Salmon River should not be dredged and filled, structures in the town of Salmon along the worst part of the floodplain should be removed and the river bottom returned to a natural area. Private land could be traded for nearby BLM land.

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– Igjugarjuk, Eskimo shaman

OLD GROWTH GRAB ON THE MOGOLLON RIM

By William Koethke

There are areas of the Mogollon Rim of New Mexico and Arizona that have thus far escaped the "deficit sale" Timber Barons. These areas are generally higher elevation Ponderosa pine and mixed conifer that are on steep mountainsides, in narrow canyons and other inaccessible places.

These dense areas of old growth are refuges for wildlife and numerous other species, including medicinal plants. They are the last significant old growth remnants on the Rim, outside of designated Wilderness.

Recently, skyline (or cable) logging has been discovered by the timber management people in the Southwest and it's become the fad. The Apache-Sitgreaves National Forest in eastern Arizona has already begun the skyline system which is popular in the Pacific Northwest. Crimes against nature are facilitated by this system which cables logs up to ridgetops rather than skidding with a crawler tractor. This way cuts in areas of fragility, steepness or otherwise inaccessible parts can be "justified."

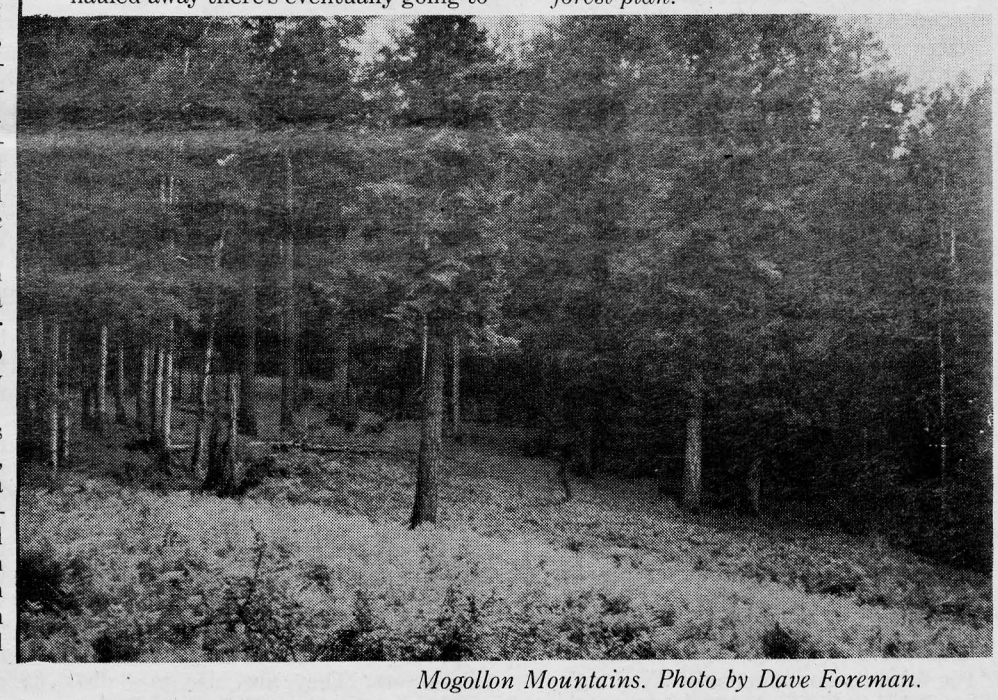
Why must the last pockets of old growth be cut? Because it's "mature," of course. Has the Gila National Forest run out of other harvestable stands? No, there's plenty. It's simply that any industrial materialist conditioned by the timber industry begins pre-convulsive shakes when he or she sees a mature tree that hasn't been cut down, even though normal people might see an old growth stand as home for living things or potential topsoil. (Has anyone ever told these ag college cornpones about nutrient cycles? There's always some erosion of organic material from soil and use of organic material by vegetation. If the live trees are continually being hauled away there's eventually going to be a deficit in the biomass. But, of course their accomplices at Dow Chemical may have convinced them that they can grow trees on bedrock by using toxic chemicals.)

About half of the cut of the entire Gila National Forest for the next ten years is projected to come from the Reserve and Glenwood Districts which encompass the Mogollon Rim and nearby high elevation mountains (Mangus, Eagle Peak, Bearwallow). With the new style logging which requires roads up the ridges and to the high elevations where the carcasses of the dead giants have been cabled, something like two hundred and fifty-five miles of road will have to be cut into previously inaccessible areas. This will allow road hunter access right into the last secure refuges for the animals.

Two hundred million board feet of timber are slated to be cut by 1995 from these two districts alone. In all, three hundred and sixty-eight million board feet are to be cut in the Gila National Forest and six hundred and forty-eight miles of new road will mar the land.

As in the Pacific Northwest, the tree farmers here in the desert forests have only a vague idea of the place of these old growth pockets in the forest ecology. As the Bedonkohe band of Apaches (all murdered by the invading empire) noticed, the one thing the white eyes can't do is to simply leave things alone and appreciate the beauty. They are firmly committed to the fundamental task of the Judeo-Christian-Muslim-Marxist industrial empire, which is to destroy beauty and create ugliness everywhere.

William Koethke lives near Reserve, New Mexico, in the Gila National Forest. The next issue will carry Earth First! recommendations on the Gila forest plan.



Mogollon Mountains. Photo by Dave Foreman.

Arizona Chokes on Phelps-Dodge

Arizonans Denied Chance to Oppose Douglas Smelter

By Australopithecus

The director of the Arizona Department of Health Services, Lloyd Novick, stunned clean-air advocates recently by announcing that there would be no public hearings to consider whether the Phelps-Dodge copper smelter at Douglas should be granted a permit allowing it to continue to emit pollutants (mainly sulfur dioxide, the major component in acid rain) in excess of guidelines set by the Clean Air Act. According to Arizona Attorney General Bob Corbin, state law requires the director to rule on a permit application without public input.

Governor Babbitt has expressed his desire that the Douglas smelter meet Clean Air guidelines, but six Arizona Republican legislators recently wrote to Secretary of State George Shultz asking him to reverse the State Department's statement against the Douglas smelter. Partly as a result of this effort by the six reactionaries, the Health Dept. decided that it would not let negotiations with Mexico over Mexico's Nacozari smelter affect its decision on Douglas. In other words, Arizona would not pressure Mexico into installing pollution controls on the Nacozari smelter in exchange for pollution controls on the Douglas smelter. Thus, Mexico has now decided to open Nacozari January 1, 1986, without any pollution controls. The final decision on the Phelps-Dodge Douglas permit will be made by August 15 by Novick.

Things look grim. By the time you receive this issue of *Earth First!*, the Southwest may have been condemned to endure 2800 pounds a day of sulfur dioxide from the smelters at Douglas and Nacozari, in addition to huge amounts emitted by other copper smelters in the Southwest and Mexico. It is little reassurance to hear from aloof officials that by 1988 Nacozari and Douglas will begin to control their emissions.

Arizona EF! Organizes

The Round River Rondezvous was a true tribal gathering of all of Turtle Island. Besides networking and partying all week, the Arizona band met twice to discuss specific issues and strategies. We also met again at Mt. Graham in late July (but too late to include a report here). We decided there were several issues about which we wanted to do something, including the Tusayan uranium mine and the aircraft problem in the Grand Canyon, the proposed observatory and trashing of Mt. Graham, and the Phelps-Dodge acid rain plant in Douglas. Several good ideas were put forward and are now being developed. If you'd like to help or be a part of any actions, either in the background, on the sidelines, or right out front, contact John Davis at P.O. Box 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703, (602)622-1371. It should be lots of fun.

WITH A FEW MORE SHOVELS
Shit Work on Mount Rainier

By Mollie Matteson

Climbing ranger Bill Moe (better known as "Wyoming Bill") bent over his rucksack. Onto the snow he tossed Carnation Breakfast Bars, ski wax, a Park Service portable radio, books, socks, and long underwear. "Goddamn new tube of aloe vera sunscreen exploded on me. Now I got it all over the inside of my pack. What a goddamn mess."

My partner, Sam, and I watched this spectacle with interest. We were on our way to Camp Muir, at 10,000 feet above sea level on the slope of Mt. Rainier. Sam was backcountry ranger in Olympic National Park and I was a summer volunteer there. We were spending our days off in another National Park, attempting to climb the highest mountain in Washington. When we met up with Bill, we were half way up from the Paradise Ranger Station (Joni Mitchell was right. Paradise *is* one big parking lot.), and had already passed through the ranks of the day-hikers in tennies and Levis to the summit-bound climbers, fly-eyed in glacier goggles and flashing silver fangs — crampons — on their feet.

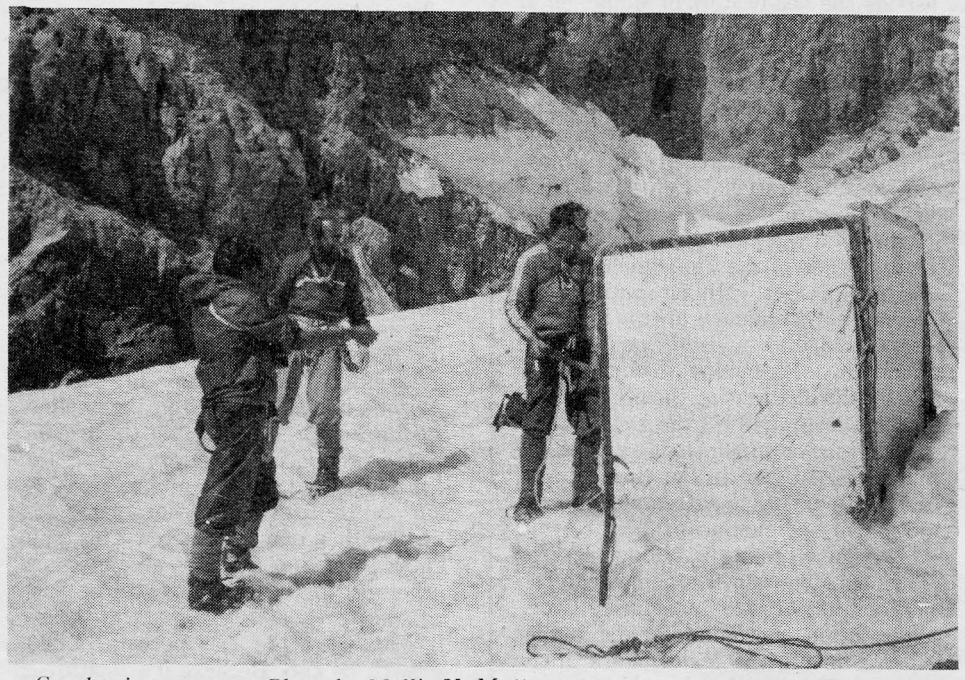
A small notice in the Paradise Ranger Station reads: "Six tons of human waste will be deposited on the high alpine areas of this park this year." Probably more than two-thirds of the 8000 people who attempt to scale the mountain each year do so by way of Camp Muir. There are nights when the population of that mountain hamlet is over 200. There's one privy. And lots of yellow snow.

Bill told us of the time some climbers boiled tea water for him. Up there, water is in a solid state first, and fetching it can be as easy as bending over and scooping some into a pot. These hospitable climbers graciously poured the bubbling steaming liquid into Bill's teacup, and when he brought it to his face for a warming sip, swirling delicately on the surface was a swatch of pink toilet paper.

Chief of the "poop patrol," Bill wore no tailored Park Service gray shirt, but a striped polypropelene crewneck and a bandana on his head. With a five day beard and mirror sunglasses he looked more like an Outward Bound beatnik than a Park Ranger. When Sam and I stopped to talk with him, he offered to climb to the summit with us the following morning, as he had some "business to attend to" on the route. The bold and dangerous duties of a climbing ranger spun in my mind: flagging treacherous snow bridges, checking avalanche conditions, rescuing climbers from crevasses. The veteran mountaineer of Wyoming's Wind Rivers had probably once thought similarly.

Bill was taking his time with the ruptured sunscreen tube, so Sam and I eventually left him to make for Camp Muir. We swiftly threaded past the private guide service's (Rainier Mountaineering, Inc.) long, slow twisting train of climbers — some puffing like stranded fish on a mudflat, others retouching their chapstick or stopping to nibble a dried apricot. Beyond the guide service queue, the Muir snow field was a nearly blank white sheet, flecked with glass slivers. We trudged through the wet snow, until looking back, the line of climbers was a curling thread on a white wool blanket. Mt. Adams floated on distant clouds to the south like Rainier's younger sibling.

Like a vision of Heaven, or a Monty Python version of one, Camp Muir rose from the empty snow field. Plywood shoeboxes, stone huts, and rock stairs seemed the work of some winsome child. Fifty gallon barrels sat atop the flat roofs, metal antennae forked the thin air and incongruous black cables slithered from the corner of one building to the next. Were they electric or telephone lines? I wondered. Would they be installing sidewalks and street lights next?



Co-ed privacy screen. Photo by Mollie Y. Matteson.

The infamous Butler Shelter ("Where," says Wyoming Bill, "there's always room for a pretty lady") perched on the tallest rubble mound at Camp Muir. It clung precariously to the mountain with cables and bolts screwed into the bedrock. This was the National Park Service ranger station, bastion of law, order and indecency at 10,000 feet, with luxurious accomodations (wooden bunks as wide as balance beams) and the site of the local library, specializing in Jack Keroac and Zen Buddhist literature.

The latrine (one seater) was at the edge of the camp. There was a precipitous drop on one side and occasional chilly blasts would roar up from below and rock the structure (not to mention its occupant).

The Park Service transports waste from the facilities at Camp Muir, and Camp Schurman (on the opposite side of the mountain) to a sewage treatment plant in the southwest corner of the Park at Longmire. Helicopters traditionally toted privy vaults to and from the mountainside, but frequent mishaps (there were two helicopter crashes at Muir this past summer) and high operational costs have prompted the Park to look at other means of transporting the wastes. Llamas may be the solution. They were used to carry loads down from Camp Muir this summer (1984) and apparently performed satisfactorily. They were also put to work on other areas of the backcountry. They cost less to fuel than helicopters, although some might object to their dining on alpine wildflowers. They are also less disruptive to visitors enjoying the "quiet wilderness," of which helicopters, roaring and spinning overhead, make a mockery.

The real sanitation problems on Rainier lie (literally) off the trail. On the routes to the summit, it is not uncommon to pass a half dozen waste deposits, and at places like Ingraham Flats, where many climbers on the Muir route camp, walking is hazardous indeed (and I'm not refering to the crevasses.) Ingraham does have a three-sided "privacy screen" — about four and a half feet in height, marked with the international picture symbols for "man" and "woman," like those on airport restroom doors. It is not the Park's considerateness to modest climbers that place it there. The screens are an attempt to concentrate the sewage in one area.

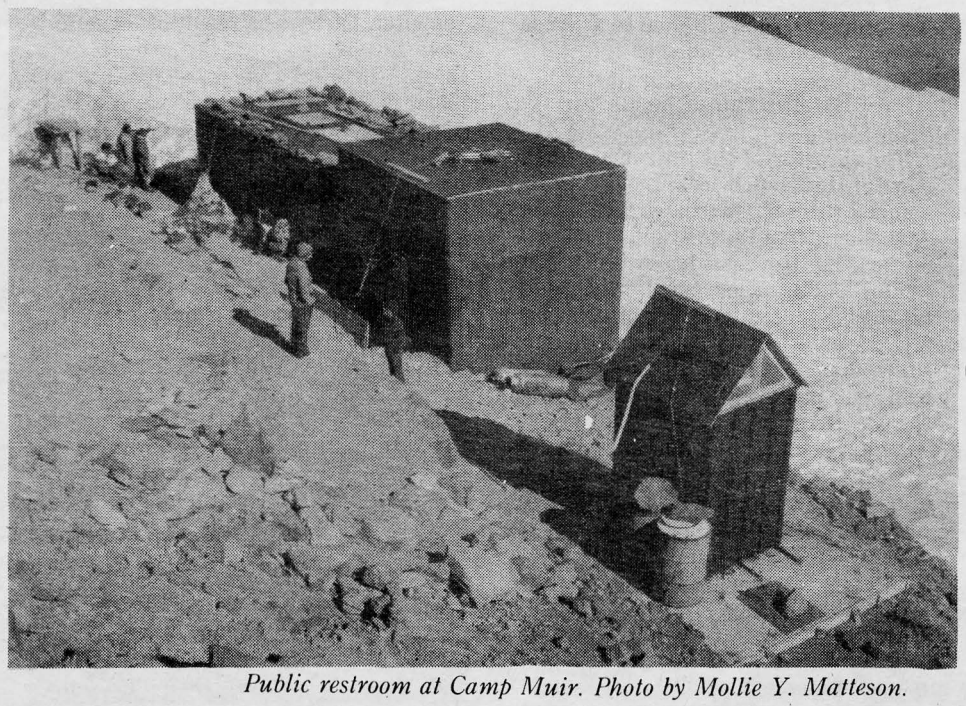
Bill Moe's most important piece of climbing equipment was the "pooper scooper." Going up or down, he stopped to practice alpine sanitation. Frozen feces long the trail went into a nearby crevasse. See you at Paradise in 500 years. He shoveled dirty snow out of the privacy screens and refilled them with "fresh" stuff. The day Sam and I climbed with him, he eyed the Ingraham facility and a widening crevasse close by. He was thinking that the next time he came this way, he might not have to stop at this site.

Cold temperatures and ultraviolet radiation practically prevent any decomposition on Rainier. But the abundance of human waste does pose a serious health hazard, especially since snow is the only local source of drinking water. Bill had roped off his own snow reservoir, immediately behind Butler Shelter. A sign threatened trespassers with federal prosecution. Even this was no guarantee of uncontaminated water, because studies have shown that bacteria can spread from feces downhill and laterally at least three feet in one season.

The greater environmental consequences of six tons of human waste on Rainier's slopes is probably not as catastrophic as it first sounds. Contemplating "The Mountain" and its sheer physical immensity, one finds it difficult to imagine anything our feeble bodies can produce that will have any impact on it. The glaciers swallow what is tossed into their slowly churning waves, and several centuries hence, the remains of an instant oatmeal breakfast or mac and cheese dinner will emerge, pulverized and diluted along with the mountain's own bedrock. To some, it is mainly the aesthetics of the matter that are reason for concern. Others, like Bill Moe, just hate to get their crampons gummed up with you-know-what.

We seek freedom in climbing mountains, but must it include defecating wherever the mood finds us? As more people trudge Rainier's slopes, it seems inevitable that the Park will place increasingly strict limits on the numbers that have the privilege to climb and on the activities (including certain bodily functions) that they can perform there. Before Rainier's administration comes to placing the mountain on a quota system, I believe it is the obligation of all climbers to dispose of their waste responsibly. The Park began the "blue-bag" system on a voluntary basis last year. It extends the concept — "If you pack it in, pack it out." Climbers were able to request the blue, double-lined plastic bags (instructions for use provided), and after their descent and before the drive home, could deposit them in collection stations. It is doubtful that the blue bags will become a red hot item at Rainier's ranger stations, so long as the Park is not stricter about alpine waste disposal. Like Bill Moe's shovel, blue bags or some similar container should become standard climbing equipment. In addition, the Park should fine climbers who are caught with their pants down.

Rainier Mountaineering, which takes up a good proportion of the climbers on the Muir route, must be encouraged to educate their clients on the ethics of alpine sanitation. They should also pay some portion of the cost of hauling waste from the Camp Muir facilities. Perhaps the Park should levy a small tax on each climber. This could raise funds for a "solar" privy, which hastens decomposition. The monies could be devoted to the simple installation of more privies along heavily traveled routes. If painted white, or constructed of local rock, they should not be overly obstructive. Or the Park may decide that the best way to dispose of their "waste tax" revenues is just to buy Bill Moe a few more shovels.



Public restroom at Camp Muir. Photo by Mollie Y. Matteson.

MOVING? SEND US YOUR NEW ADDRESS!

David Cross photo.

35 STATES ATTEND ROUND RIVER RENDEZVOUS

By Marcy Willow

The 1985 Round River Rendezvous was a rip-roarer. Earth First!ers from around the globe gathered for seven days and nights of workshops, strategizing, and wild camaraderie. We were 200 strong by mid-week. We sat in ancient aspen groves day after sunny day exchanging ideas, experiences and listening to the world's top thinkers (and doers). Workshops ranged from local issues like aspen cutting to state and regional gatherings (Arizona, Southern California, Montana, Colorado, and East of the Rockies all met individually) to broader ones such as Deep Ecology and Direct Action. A sampling of some of the workshops were: Deep Ecology with Bill Devall, George Sessions, Dolores LaChapelle, Mike Cohen and others; National Forests with Jasper Carlton, Bobcat and Howie Wolke; Grizzlies with Tony Povilitis, Jasper Carlton, and Ric Meis; Direct Action with MaryBeth Nearing and Mike Roselle; Rainforests with Randy Hayes and Mike Roselle; Theater with Cindi Turtledove; and so on.

Hikes were led throughout the week into nearby Red Canyon's white forests and green glades by Christoph Manes and Howie Wolke. We walked among giants of the aspen family, their straight trunks smooth as kite's breasts; and among smaller aspens who changed their minds about which way to grow every two feet or so.

It was a good time for Earth First!ers from Australia and Hawaii, Maine and Oregon, and everywhere in between (thirty-five states and three other countries were represented) to visit. These informal conversations are always memorable, such as the one attended by a large buck who bounded into camp, snorted, and bounded away again; often useful, such as the one that led to the Yellowstone griz action (see Christoph Manes' article); sometimes insane, as those who ventured into the "Montana Camp" discovered (What's the definition of non-violence in Montana? When you lower the hammer on your pistol with your thumb instead of your forefinger.); and, if the Forest Service happens to be around, dreary — such as the far too many meetings between the RRR Committee (mainly me) and the trio of Freddies who wanted to make sure we didn't destroy the resource. (My thanks to Howie Wolke and Leo Hund who loomed conspicuously nearby at each of these meetings. Howie invited them back on Saturday for the human sacrifice — "someone in a green uniform," he grinned wolfishly.)

Beneath a great black wing of sky, star-studded, our nightly campfires were filled with music thanks to Bill Oliver, Greg Keeler, Bob Phillips, Cindi Turtledove, Joanne Culverhouse, and the hearty voices of hundreds of Earth First!ers. The later-night, hair-raising howls can only be attributed to some unidentifiable primal source.

The rally on Saturday was preceded Friday night with Dave Foreman's "Endangered Species Game." Imagine two hundred Earth First!ers howling like wolves for five minutes, then being divided by birth month into different endangered species (grizzly, jaguar, black-footed ferret, redwood, Furbish lousewort, snail darter, a mollusk, blue whale, spotted owl, bald eagle, kit fox, twin-spotted rattlesnake) and acting out the different plants and animals to eventually find all of one's fellows with whom to exchange genetic material. (Pity the poor grizzlies — they ended up being all male, but Doug Peacock and Mitch Wyss made a cute couple.) Afterwards, each person sought their own totem and peformed it in a crazed, anarchistic Earth bonding ritual that no doubt terrifed any FBI undercover agents present.

Saturday was wild, all right. Over 300 Earth First!ers had arrived by now. The Rally went on from noon until well after dark. The stage, constructed from scraps by Lone Wolf Circles, Christoph Manes, Bill Turk, Kim Mackey, Art Goodtimes, Roger Candee, and a few experienced hitch-throwers, held up well under the seige of actors, musicians, poets, and speakers.

With smooth MC-ing by Art Goodtimes, the crowd enjoyed the poetry of Gary Lawless and Goodtimes himself. Jeri McAndrews performed a truly inspired poetry and dance session that had people throughout the meadow on their feet. Backed-up by Cindi Turtledove's theater troupe of the week, Dave Foreman bellowed out Gary Snyder's "Smokey the Bear Sutra." Mark Williams and Joanne Culverhouse performed Mark's play, "Grizzled Bear," with spunk and a touching melancholy.

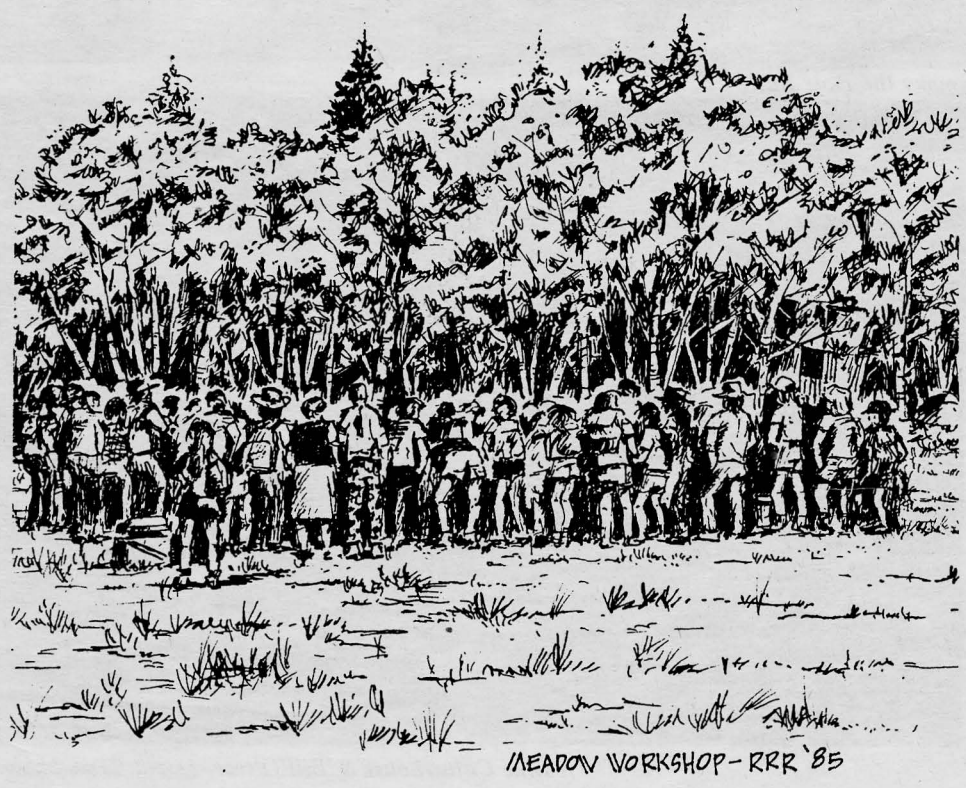
Among the memorable moments was the poetics of Lone Wolf Circles accompanied by Bill Oliver's guitar in a scene that will live as a classic of RRR history. Was it poetry or was it music? Whatever, it was primal. Bill Oliver performed several sets of his marvelous songs, including an encore or two of "Habitat." Wobbly Bob Phillips stirred folks with an ancient Luddite march and his inimitable rendition of "Garbage." Cindi Turtledove and Joanne Culverhouse filled in as the Sagebrush Sisters for the missing Johnny. Hope Baldwin performed her own moving ballads of the earth.

Howie Wolke began the Rally with a stirring speech about the Forest Service's roadbuilding policies and called on Earth First!ers to stop the "Tree Nazis." Stephanie Mills, former editor of *Not Man Apart* and *CoEvolution Quarterly* said she was there as a hero worshipper and urged Earth First!ers to continue the struggle. Local Colorado activists Dick Wingerson and Don Bachman discussed Forest Service plans to clearcut aspen forests to satisfy the Lousiana-Pacific waferboard plant in the area. Doug Peacock grabbed our imaginations with his bear stories, his diatribe against ants, and his confused wandering through downtown Manhattan. Then Dave Foreman came forward. He spoke of death. People are afraid to die, he said, because they are afraid to live. Modern society insulates us from real life. He also called on us to recognize the Neanderthal in ourselves, that we have been called out of the dimness of the ice age to act as antibodies against the destruction of Earth. People were on their feet at the end of Dave's speech.

Our versatile stage became a movie theater that night. The double-feature was: "The Cracking of Glen Canyon Damn," and "Four Corners At the Crossroads," courtesy of film makers Toby McLeod and Randy Hayes. We huddled there on the slope of the dark plateau, surrounded by ancient aspens, and remembered Glen Canyon, remembered _____. We walked back to our tents in silence.

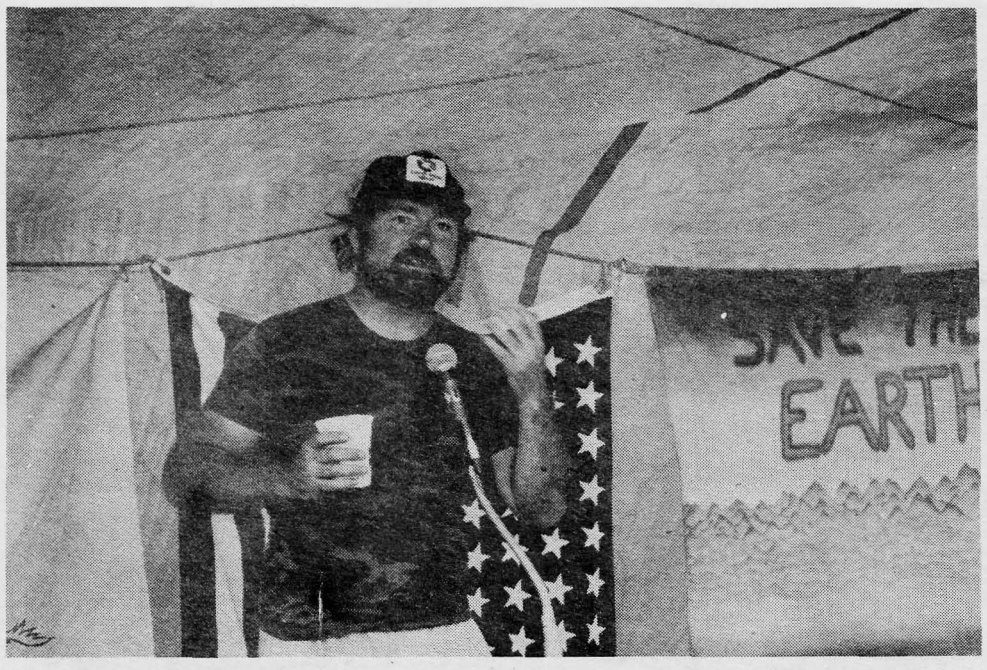
Sunday morning, the Freddie triplets were back, to inspect the site. As we strolled across the meadow, I was silent. I couldn't think of any more witty or polite things to say to them. Just before the inspection was over, they spied a lone object out in the middle of the field. We moved closer. It was a red and white scepter, pounded into the ground, bearing this inscription: *Trail of Rising and Falling Birds. Homage to the God of Environmentalism & Primeism, the Earth's First! Culture.* It was an icon from artist Lee Nading.

Everyone agreed it was one of the best Rendezvous ever. We all came away re-vitalized, re-dedicated, and glad for the experience. Out of this Round River Rendezvous came Earth First!'s first direct action for the grizzly. New ideas, new action, and new people were brought into the Old Growth battle in the Pacific Northwest. Special thanks to all who helped to make this RRR such a success. If you missed this one, don't miss the next. It promises to be even better. If you have suggestions or would like to help with the 1986 Rendezvous (in the Sawtooths of Idaho?), contact Mary Beth Nearing, 824 SW 10, Corvallis,OR 97333, 503-754-9151.

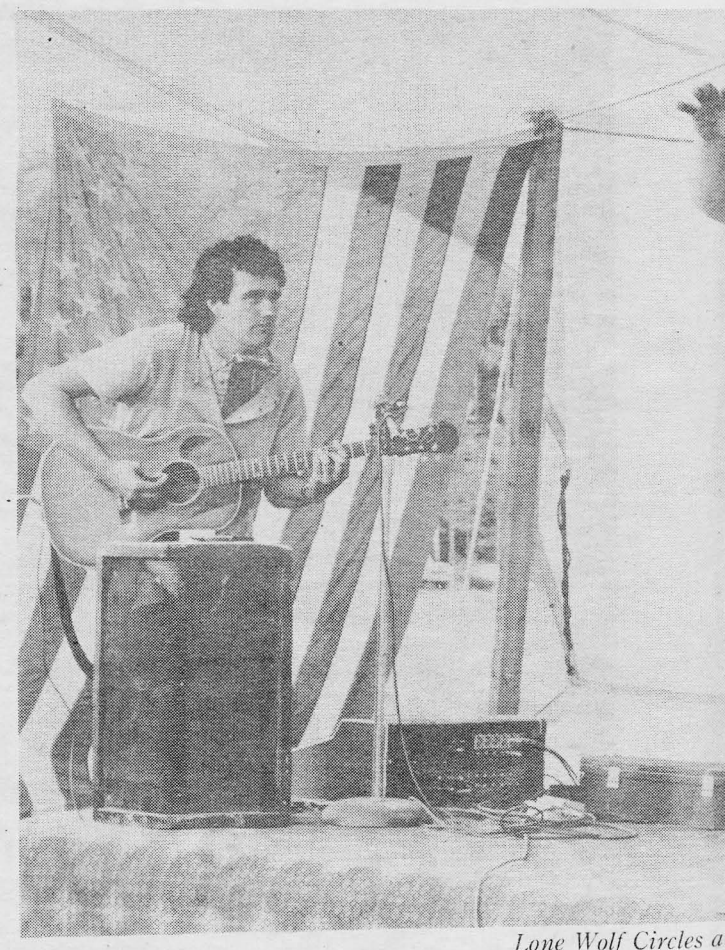


Roger Candee

RRR Photos on next page



Doug Peacock. David Cross photo.



Lone Wolf Circles a

Dolores LaChappelle. David Cross photo.

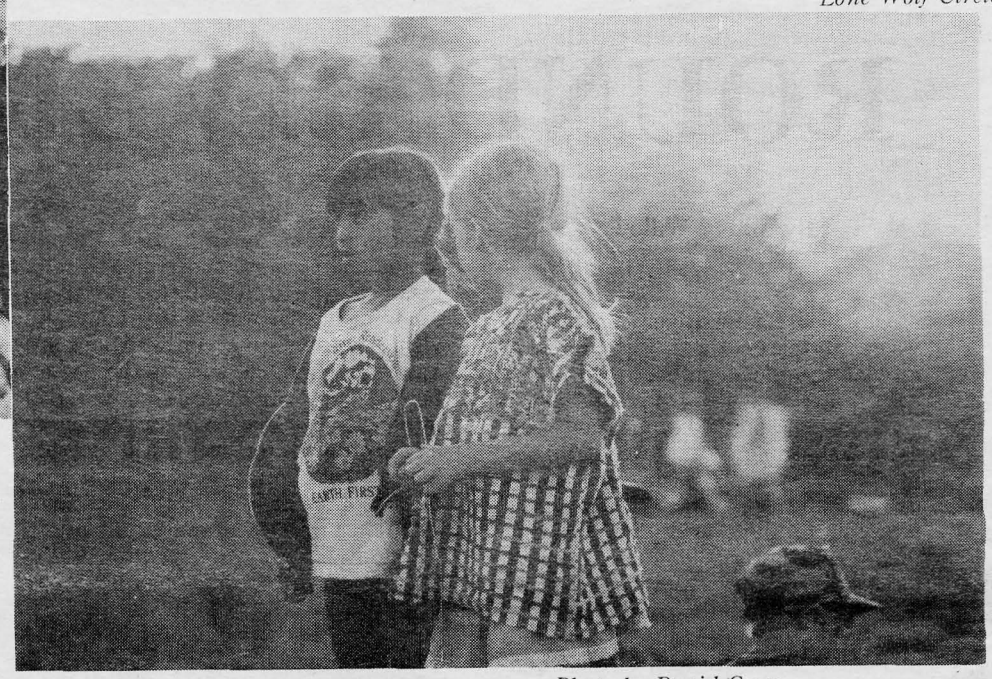


Photo by David Cross.

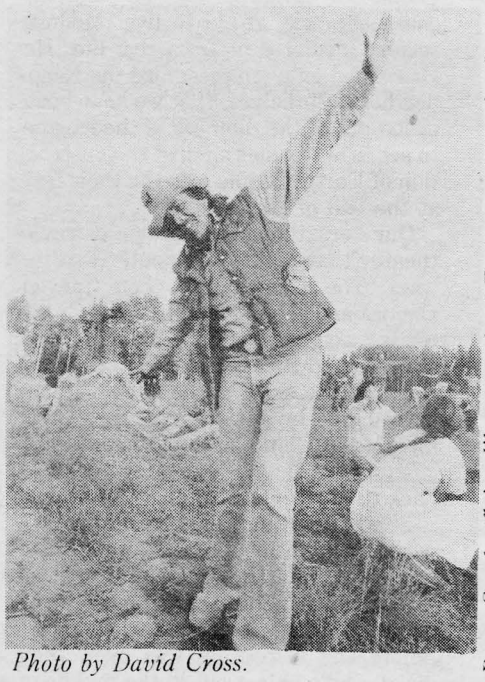
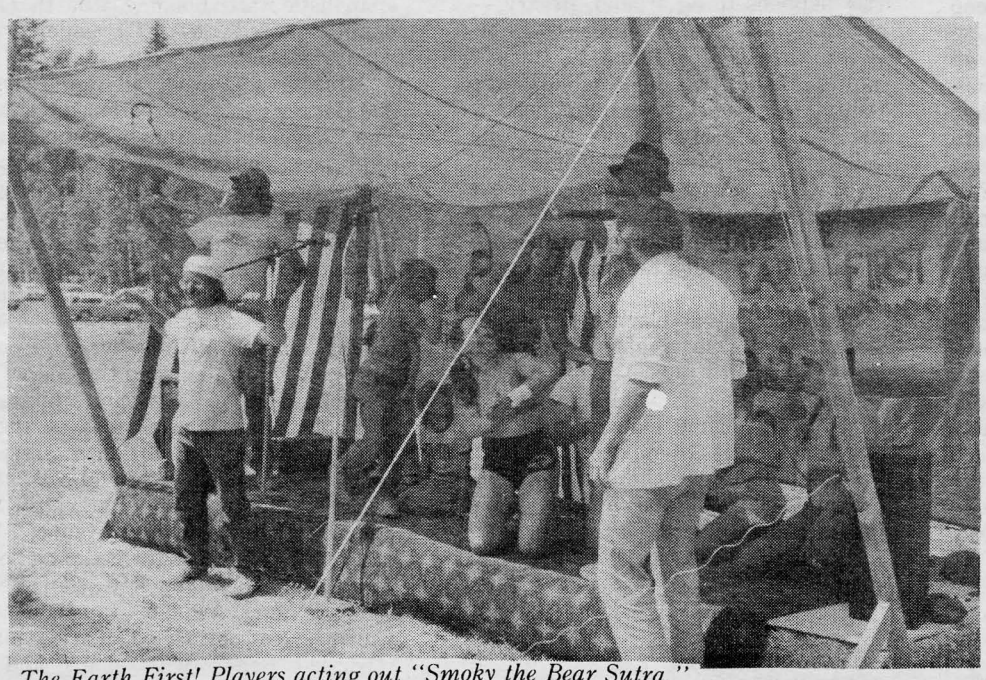


Photo by David Cross.

Roger Candee flying like an eagle at Endangered



The Earth First! Players acting out "Smoky the Bear Sutra."

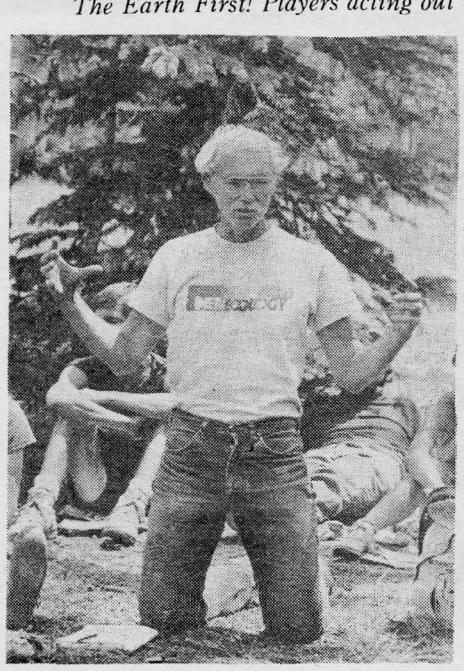
Species Game.

EARTH FIRST! BIOREGION PROPOSAL

I want to make a proposal this frosty morning while driving back through the wilds of Nevada from Colorado. It's for Earth First! groupings by Bioregion, each with its own Round River Rendezvous (say, during the calendar event of the Spring Fertility Rite), to be held perhaps near the site of the struggle of greatest concern in that region. This would be in addition to the national (international?) Earth First! RRR.

And we could make our own flags! North Coast Pacific Bioregion (my own) might have, for instance, a Redwood and a Salmon on it. I think we could get to know each other better in our local regions if we met like this, and in addition communicated with a one-page mailer at useful intervals. I see the potential for attracting new EF! activists here, as well as a way to better handle the constant brushfires with which we're forced to deal (i.e. attacks by the Freddies, BLMers, etc.).

-Dennis Fritzinger, Berkeley



Prof. Bill Devall at Deep Ecology workshop. Photo by David Cross.

Joanne Culverhouse & Bill Oliver. David Cross photo.

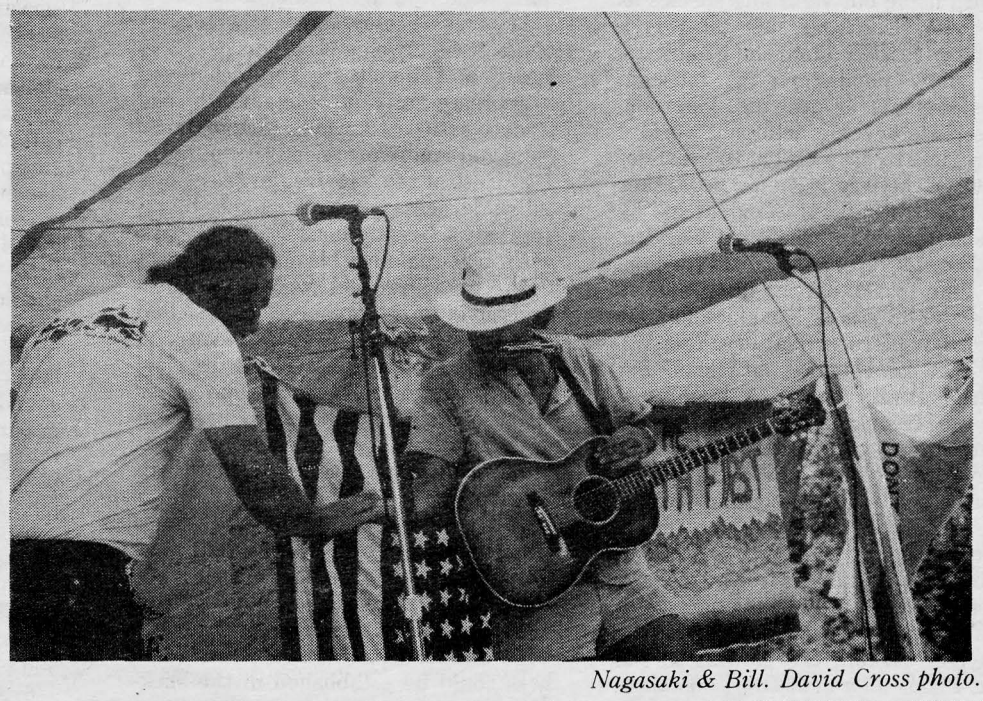
s and Bill Oliver mesmerize the crowd. Photo by David Cross.

Endangered Species Game. David Cross photo.

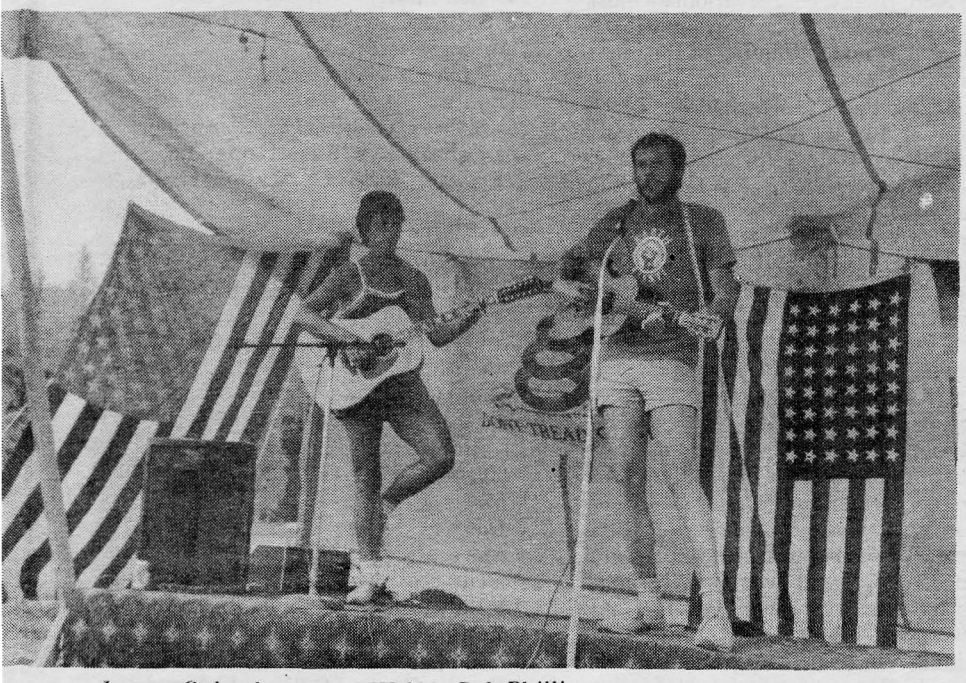
The Blockaders sing "Take Your Bulldozers Away."

Howie Wolke acting out his totem. David Cross photo.

Bill Oliver.



Nagasaki & Bill. David Cross photo.

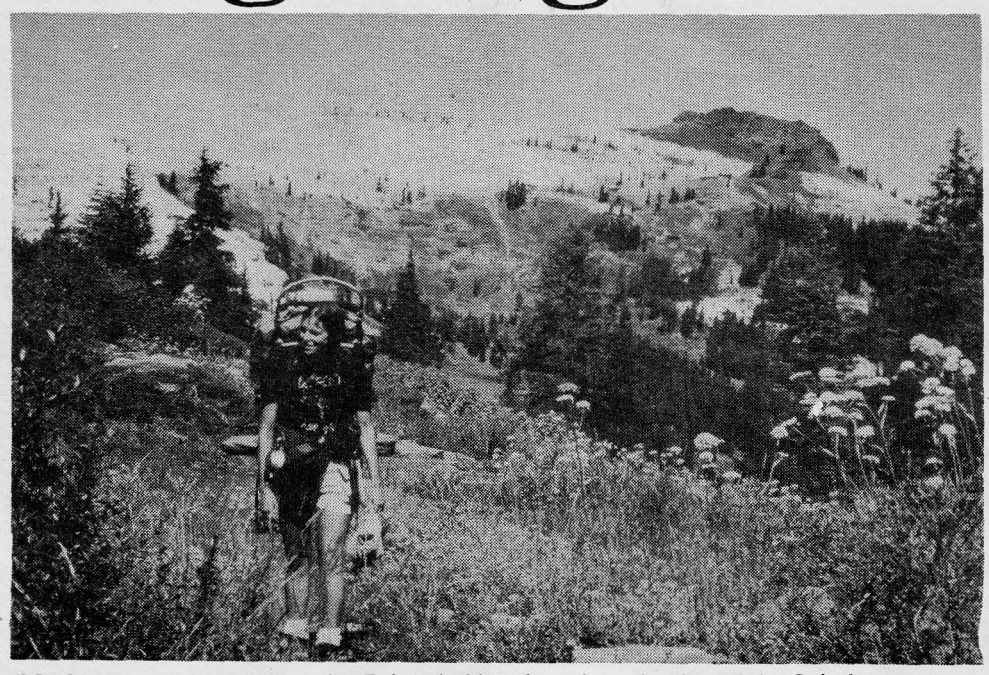


Joanne Cuiverhouse and Wobbly Bob Phillips.

Bill Oliver. David Cross photo.

Dreaming Big Wilderness

By Dave Foreman



Marble Mountains, California. Prime habitat for reintroduction of the Grizzly.

It has been over 20 years since the passage of the Wilderness Act. During these two decades, conservationists have waged a protracted struggle to preserve *a portion* of the United States remaining in an essentially wild condition. I emphasize "a portion" because wilderness preservation groups have not asked for protection of all roadless or undeveloped lands even though they amount to only 3 or 4% of the total land area of the United States outside of Alaska. In the Forest Service's second Roadless Area Review and Evaluation (RARE II), conservationists asked that only 35 million acres of approximately 80 million acres of roadless lands on the National Forests be protected. It has been a similar story with the holdings of the Bureau of Land Management. Even in Alaska, where the Alaska National Interest Lands battle stands as the outstanding conservation achievement of the 1970's, environmental groups never considered proposing that *all* of the wild lands of Alaska remain wild. It has always been taken for granted that the implacable forces of industrialization will continue to conquer the wilderness. Environmentalists, as reasonable advocates within the mainstream of modern society, have gone out of their way to appear to be moderate and willing to compromise. We have acquiesced in the clearcutting of old growth forests, massive road building schemes on our public lands, mineral and energy development in pristine areas, and the destruction of "problem" bears. We have accepted that some wild lands will be — and should be — developed. We merely ask that some of these areas — generally the scenic ones — be spared.

In short, wilderness conservationists have lacked vision since the passage of the Wilderness Act. We have accepted the dominant social paradigm, the inevitability of continued industrialization and development of open spaces, the utter hopelessness of preserving *real* wilderness. We have had no vision for such noble but vanishing species as the condor, the grizzly, the wolf. We try to hang on to their diminishing habitats, their puny populations as museum pieces, but not as growing, vigorous, *living* parts of the functioning world.

It is time to have vision, to dream of the world the way it should be, rather than the way it is handed us by Louisiana-Pacific, the Forest Service, Sen. Jim McClure, and Ronald Reagan. It is time to ask deeper questions: Is 2% of the 48 states adequate for our National Wilderness Preservation System? Are 20 condors sufficient? Six hundred grizzly bears? A handful of minuscule remnants of the cathedral old growth forests of Oregon?

Have we logged too much virgin forest? Have we built too many roads? Have we damned too many rivers? Have we driven the griz, the wolf, the cougar, the bighorn, the bison from too many places? Have we drained too many wetlands? Was the extermination of the passenger pigeon, the plowing of the Great Plains all a monstrous mistake?

Are Wilderness Areas only museum pieces of land on display? Or are they the world of life; vibrant ecosystems where natural processes still reign and evolution runs its course?

If we fail to ask these deeper questions, if we neglect to dream these dreams and articulate our vision, then the wilderness crusade is lost. Remnants of the wild, with truncated floras and faunas, will haunt future generations with the shadow of what once was real.

Real Wilderness is something far different than that which forms our current National Wilderness Preservation System. To Aldo Leopold, a wilderness was an area large enough for a two week packtrip without crossing your tracks. To Doug Peacock, wilderness contains *something* bigger and meaner than you — something that can kill you.

We can have real wilderness tomorrow in the United States. And we can have it without necessarily disrupting our national economy, without "locking up" crucial "resources." But it will require some courage, some vision:

1) A new profession, a new science needs to be developed. Wilderness reclamation. The methods and techniques to recreate native ecosystems, to reintroduce extirpated wildlife, and to repair damaged landscapes need to emerge.

2) East of the Rockies, large ecological wilderness preserves need to be recreated: a Great Plains National Park with free-roaming bison, elk, pronghorn, grizzlies, and wolves; a large deciduous forest preserve in the Ohio Valley with elk, wolves and cougars; a million-acre roadless chunk in New England with wolf, moose and other former inhabitants; a similar preserve in the southern Appalachians; and a revitalized Everglades/Big Cypress in Florida.

3) In the West, roads should be closed, ravaged clearcuts rehabilitated, and livestock grazing removed to create some thirty preserves of a million acres or more. Merely through the closure of a few dirt roads, a 3 million acre Wilderness could be established in the slick-rock canyon country of the Escalante/Kaiparowits/Capitol Reef/Henry Mountains area of southern Utah. Closure of the Magruder Corridor dirt road would give us a five million acre Central Idaho Wilderness. Minor dirt road closures would produce intact roadless areas of one to four million acres in the Owhyee Canyons complex (Idaho, Oregon, Nevada), the Black Rock Desert (Nevada), Cabeza Prieta and Kofa (Arizona), and Death Valley (California).

4) The grizzly will not survive restricted to the dwindling Yellowstone and Bob Marshall/Glacier ecosystems. New populations must be re-established in the Gila Wilderness of New Mexico, the Weminuche of Colorado, the High Uintas of Utah, the Kalmiopsis of Oregon, the North Cascades of Washington, Central Idaho, the Marble Mountains and Siskiyous of California, and the Blue Range of Arizona. The wolf should be returned to these areas and others. A million and a half acres in the Los Padres National Forest northwest of Los Angeles should be totally closed to any human use or entry in order to preserve the condor. Large animal carcasses should be regularly deposited there for the big birds. In suitable areas of southern New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, the jaguar, ocelot and jaguarundi cat should be reintroduced. Bighorn sheep, elk, bison, pronghorn, otter, eastern cougar and other once widespread species should be widely propagated in former habitats.

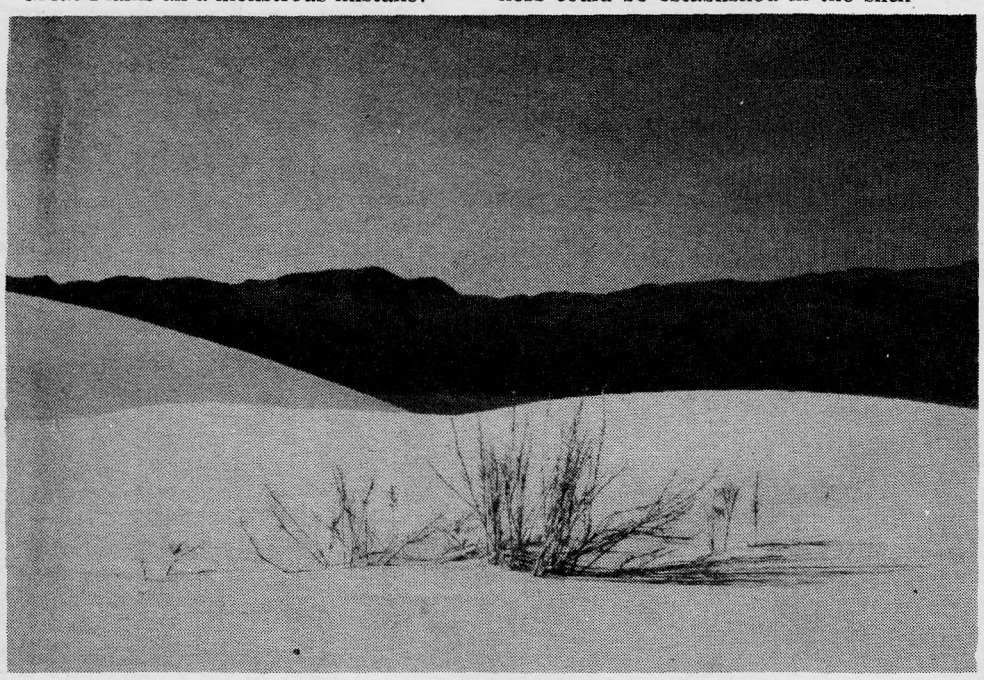
5) Commercial livestock grazing should be phased out on the Western public lands. Only 3% of the nation's red meat supply comes from the public lands and the federal government spends more on managing this private grazing than it receives in return from the grazing permittees. Grazing has been the single most important factor in the devastation of intermountain ecosystems: the widespread decimation of bear, wolf and mountain lion; destruction of native vegetation and populations of elk, pronghorn, bighorn and bison; and severe damage to watersheds and riparian systems.

6) And, finally, conservationists must develop a new (old) reason for wilderness, a new understanding of the place of humans in the natural world, a new appreciation for the other nations which inhabit this beautiful blue-green living planet. Why wilderness? Because it offers an escape from the rat race of San Francisco or Washington, DC? Because it's pretty to look at? Because it's a place to hike, backpack, or float rivers? Because it protects watersheds for use downstream?

No. Because it is. Wilderness for its own sake. Because it's *right*. Because it's the real world, the repository of three and a half billion years of organic evolution; because it's our home. The grizzly has a right to live for her own sake, not for any real or imagined value she may have for human beings. The spotted owl, the wolverine, Brewer's spruce, the fungal web in the forest floor have a nature-given right to follow their own intertwined evolutionary destinies without being meaningless pawns in the arrogant games of industrial humans.

What right does a man with a life span of seventy years have to destroy a two thousand year old redwood to make picnic tables? To kill one of 30 female breeding grizzlies in the Yellowstone region because she ate one of his sheep? To rip through a five thousand year old creosote bush on a motorized tricycle for some kind of macho thrill? To damn Glen Canyon and Hetch Hetchy?

Until we learn to respect and accept these other nations as our equals, we will be strangers and barbarians on Earth. Wilderness, *real* wilderness is the path home.



Saline Range & Eureka Dunes, California.

Photos by Dave Foreman.

Dave Foreman is the editor of ***Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal.*** *He worked for The Wilderness Society as their Southwest Representative and later as Issues Coordinator for them in Washington, DC. This is a revised and lengthened version of an article that originally appeared in "Visions," the 15th anniversary of Earth Day edition of* ***Environmental Action*** *magazine. Copies of "Visions" with other essays by Edward Abbey, Andrew Bard Schmookler, Hazel Henderson, Jesse Jackson, Ursula LeGuin, Stewart Brand, and others are available from Environmental Action, 1346 Connecticut Ave NW, Suite 731, Washington, DC 20036. Foreman is developing the ideas contained in this article into a book (which will include a history of the destruction of large roadless areas during the last fifty years) entitled "The Sunset of Big Wilderness."*

POTENTIAL LARGE WILDERNESSES OF THE WESTERN UNITED STATES

1) North Cascades - Washington (2 million acres)
2) Olympic Mountains - Washington (1)
3) Kalmiopsis - Oregon (1)
4) Hells Canyon/Eagle Cap - Oregon, Idaho (1.5)
5) Selway/River of No Return - Idaho, Montana (5.5)
6) Great Rift - Idaho (1)
7) Owyhee - Idaho, Oregon, Nevada (4)
8) Bob Marshall - Montana (3)
9) Beartooth - Montana, Wyoming (1.5)
10) North Absaroka - Wyoming (1)
11) Upper Yellowstone/South Absaroka - Wyoming (2.5)
12) Tetons/SW Yellowstone - Wyoming, Idaho (1)
13) Wind Rivers - Wyoming (1)
14) San Juan Mountains - Colorado (1.5)
15) Desolation Canyon - Utah (1)
16) High Uintas - Utah (1)
17) Canyonlands - Utah (3)
18) Escalante/Kaiparowits/Henry Mts - Utah (3)
19) Desert Game Range - Nevada (1.5)
20) Black Rock Desert - Nevada (2.5)
21) High Sierra - California (3)
22) Los Padres - California (1.5)
23) Saline/Last Chance/Cottonwood - California (1.5)
24) Panamint Mountains - California (1)
25) Kofa - Arizona (1)
26) Cabeza Prieta - Arizona (1.5)
27) Grand Canyon/Kaibab - Arizona (2)
28) Gila/Black Range - New Mexico (1.5)
29) Guadalupe Escarpment - New Mexico/Texas (1)
30) Galiuro/Pinaleno - Arizona (1)

Possibles:
*** Cascades - Oregon**
*** Salmon-Trinity Alps - California**
*** North Sierra - California**
*** Mohave - California**
*** Central Nevada - Nevada**
*** Sawtooths - Idaho**
*** Bruneau/Jarbidge - Nevada/Idaho**
*** Wild Missouri - Montana**
*** Red Desert - Wyoming**
*** Blue Range - Arizona/New Mexico**
*** Smoke Creek - California/Nevada**

Gila Wilderness, New Mexico.

The Maze, Utah.

THE GRIZZLY DEN

by Howie Wolke

The Threat of Jeff Sirmon

The following was written in response to an article by Region 6 Forester Jeff Sirmon in ***Forest Planning****, March 85. Sirmon with his press agent style is clearly the face of the new Forest Service. He has just recently been appointed Deputy Chief.*

Jeff Sirmon is a nice guy, a good politician, a diligent Regional Forester, and has a really sincere smile. He is also a very dangerous man, if one presumes that conservationists might be inclined to follow his suggestion that the forest planning process be given an opportunity to prove itself and proceed unimpeded by delaying tactics, appeals, lawsuits, civil disobedience, and confrontational politics in general.

Of course Mr. Sirmon would like to see the National Forest Management Act (NFMA) planning process proceed smoothly. His job would be easier. I've yet to meet an agency decision maker who enjoys having his/her decisions questioned, disputed, and challenged. If, indeed, conservationists were to follow Mr. Sirmon's advice, the end result would be more roads (many more — see my article last issue), more clearcuts, more oil rigs, less wildlife, less recreation, lower water quality, and the widespread destruction of most of our remaining unprotected wildland ecosystems.

The Forest Service by its own admission plans to build over 75,000 miles of new roads during the next 15 years in roadless areas alone! Draft Forest Plans are now being produced in rapid succession, each one reflecting and justifying this overwhelming bias toward timber and mineral production. The road engineers are in charge (Forest Service Chief Max Peterson is a road engineer). The Bighorn National Forest draft plan, for example, calls for such an extensive network of roads that except for the designated Cloud Peak Wilderness (which is nearly all above tree line), it will ultimately be impossible anywhere on the Forest for a person (or, for that matter, a deer, bear, elk — if there are any left) to stand on the average *more than 370 yards from a constructed road!*

Let us not lose sight of the fact that less than one and one half percent of the land area of the lower 48 states is designated Wilderness, and that if all remaining roadless areas on all public lands (Forest Service, Park Service, BLM, Wildlife Refuges) were designated Wilderness today, a meager 4% of the land area of the lower 48 states would be protected.

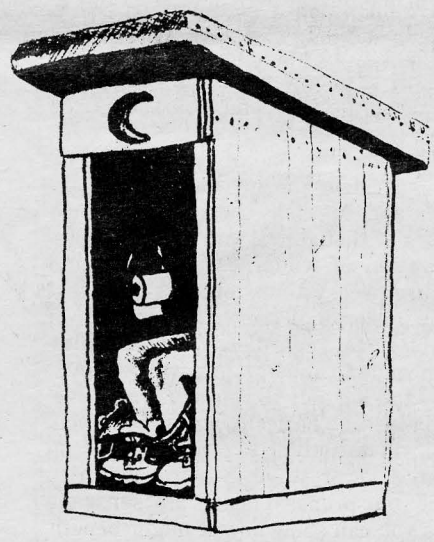
Mr. Sirmon calls for "responsible" leadership of the Forest Service, Industry, and the environmental movement. I agree. A responsible Forest Service would protect *every* remaining roadless area, *every* remaining wildland ecosystem, and *all* remaining habitat for threatened and endangered species. Forest Service plans for massive industrial development of our Forest wildlands are the actions of a radical and irresponsible federal bureaucracy.

A truly responsible environmental leadership wil continue to oppose, and in fact, increase its resistance to the Forest Service's brand of developmental radicalism, for which the NFMA planning process is simply the agency's most recent vehicle. The problem with Mr. Sirmon's idea of "creative tension" is that while negotiation and mediation will certainly help the planning process to proceed, thus making the job of the Forest Service bureaucrats easier, the end result of negotiation and "compromise" is virtually always more roads, less wild country. "How much wild country are we willing to give up on this issue?" is a question many of us are no longer willing to ask.

I'm not saying that negotiation is never productive, or that confrontation is always effective. Each situation should be viewed objectively. But as a general strategy, given the agency's overwhelmingly widespread plan to destroy wilderness and natural diversity, the only responsible and intelligent course of action for conservationists to follow — on both a national and grassroots level — is to resist, obstruct, subvert, delay, and ultimately destroy the "Forest Planning Process." It may be our last chance to finally turn the agency into a responsible and biocentrically oriented steward of our National Forests. From the charred ashes of the old and decadent, shall spring life anew!

Howie Wolke has been fighting Forest Service extremism for over ten years. He is a founder of Earth First!, and a guide and outfitter in Jackson, Wyoming.

View from the Outhouse

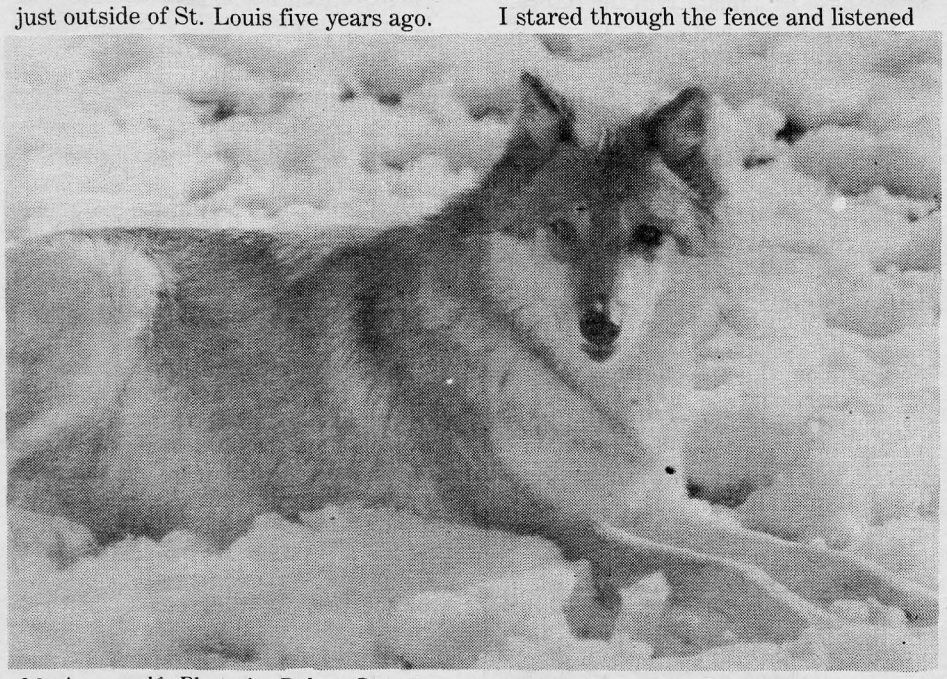


Wolves and Green Fire

By Robert Streeter

Rain is falling on the cabin this morning. It is the kind of sound that puts my memory to work. Steam is rising from a mug of freshly brewed tea, and I hear the flicker of oak in the stove. I sip from the mug, scanning the mantle in front of me. My eyes come to rest on the photograph of a wolf. It takes me back.

I remember my visit to the Wild Canid Survival and Research Center just outside of St. Louis five years ago. The facility is partially used by the Mexican Wolf Recovery Team, and contains various sized enclosures for wolves. I stood on the safe side of a chain-link fence and watched a pack of Mexican gray wolves. I wondered what they thought watching me. This was not the kind of encounter our ancestors knew. I stared through the fence and listened to the dull roar of an interstate highway to the south. Times had changed. I knew that. The wolves knew that.



Mexican wolf. Photo by Robert Streeter.

I watched with a biologist who had studied these wolves for two years. He spoke of the fifty or so Mexican gray wolves remaining in the wild. That was five years ago, and wilderness species such as wolves do not increase when facing the industrialization of our planet. House sparrows increase. Today there might be two dozen Mexican wolves alive in the wild, but no one is really sure. After decades of persecution they don't stand around long enough to be counted. The last of the Mexican wolves live in the mountains of north-central Mexico and rarely enter and depart southwestern New Mexico and southeastern Arizona.

It was feeding time for the wolves, and we threw them chicken necks and high-protein dog food. The social structure was quickly revealed, but the alpha male was missing. The biologist suspected the old male had died. He searched the grounds and found it lying stiff and bloated, its eyes open.

I entered the enclosure, assured it was safe but feeling unsure, to help remove the dead wolf. We carried the carcass to the biologist's car, laying it in the trunk. The biologist had a tear. I was silent and listened to the highway.

Aldo Leopold, in "A Sand County Almanac," writes after shooting a wolf: "We reached the old wolf in time to watch a fierce green fire dying in her eyes. I realized then, and have known ever since, that there was something new to me in those eyes — something known only to her and to the mountain." Leopold was young then, and felt that fewer wolves meant more deer, "but after seeing the green fire die, I sensed that neither the wolf nor the mountain agreed with such a view."

Wolves will probably not survive in Mexico for the same reasons they did not survive in these civilized forests of Massachusetts. The bullets, poisons, and traps of misguided humans have always found wolves. We have failed miserably to understand these creatures and allow for their needs.

Wolves and other wilderness species serve as barometers of environmental quality. When they begin to disappear, it is time to ask questions. To continue persecuting wolves and other predators violates the most basic principle of deep ecology: non-human forms of life have value in themselves, and these values are indepenedent of their usefulness to human beings.

When the green fire died in the eyes of the last Massachusetts wolf, true wilderness died with it. I miss its warmth.

TREE SPIKING AND MORAL MATURITY

By George Wuerthner

This past spring the George Washington National Forest in Virginia received a letter which read:

Speaking on behalf of the trees, rocks, and wildlife of the George Washington National Forest, this is to inform you that approximately 40 pounds of spikes have been inserted in the trees at various locations in the Big Schloss Roadless Area. Good luck finding them. Good riddance to any saws that ever do find them.

Just a little insurance in case you had any plans to manage this roadless area in any way other than a wilderness.

The letter was signed by a group calling itself Rednecks for Wilderness.

Direct action is a new twist in the environmental movement. Rednecks for Wilderness spiked the trees to prevent the Forest Service from logging what is presently a roadless area. Basically, they feel the Forest Service has subverted its legislatively directed responsibility, and more importantly, its moral obligations to fairly evaluate the wilderness suitability of the nation's roadless lands and to protect those areas which deserve preservation. A similar incident of tree spiking occurred in Oregon's Willamette National Forest this past fall. The Forest Service offered a $5000 reward for information leading to the capture and conviction of the culprits. The agency considers tree spiking a felony offense, ostensibly for "destroying government property" — in this case trees than were scheduled to be cut down in a proposed timber sale.

To the spikers, the real criminals were the logging companies and their lackeys, the Forest Service, who were destroying more than "government property"; they were cutting down a rich and diverse ecological heritage — the old growth forest ecosystem. Yet within the narrow definition of the law, tree spikers were clearly the law breakers.

There is a bit of absurdity in this situation. People who want to maintain an intact ecosystem are accused of "destroying property" by people who want to cut down the trees. These people, the Forest Service and lumber companies, see themsleves as the sane, rational ones who are protecting the forest from crazy vandals like the Rednecks for Wilderness group.

What this exemplifies is the split in the values of conservationists and development interests. Frequently the two parties do not communicate. It is not that they don't try. But differences in their stages of moral maturity as defined by Harvard psychologist Lawrence Kohlberg may prevent the two sides from communicating effectively their respecive views. Kohlberg's theory seeks to explain people's apparent evolution of moral growth which begins during youth and progresses to higher stages sometime in the late teens or early twenties. During the entire progression a person from a lower stage of maturity finds it impossible to understand the reasoning of individuals from a higher level. Most individuals never reach the highest two levels of Kohlberg's scale since it requires a willingness to accept responsibility for actions and decisions. (This is risky.)

As a result, the moral decisions of those at the highest stages are incomprehensible to the vast majority of people who never progress past the mid levels of moral maturity. I believe Kohlberg's theory nicely explains the almost complete lack of understanding that exists between those who wish to develop and control the earth's resources and those who advocate a slower, more careful, sensitive approach to any land/human relationship.

Kohlberg found that people go through a gradual growth in their ability to discern shades of gray or the complexity of any value judgment. This growth is sequential and has, according to Kohlberg, six fairly well defined stages from a primitive idea of justice to a sophisticated and complex moral viewpoint. These six stages are universal — you can find people of all six stages in all cultures. Growth depends upon intellectual development since the ability to discern subtle qualitative differences in motives and actions is necessary before a person can understand the rationale used for making any value judgments. But intellectual development alone will not necessarily result in a person of high moral standards.

Kohlberg's research involved presenting an imaginary moral problem to a cross section of people from different ages, education, and cultures. For example, one moral dilemma posed by Kohlberg involved asking people to imagine their wife or husband dying from a disease. The sole supplier of the drug which can cure the disease will only sell it for a large sum of money — more than the spouse can afford. Kohlberg then asks what the spouse should do and more importantly, why. Most people say the drug should be stolen, but depending upon their stage in intellectual and moral development, their reasons for stealing the drug differed substantially. In Kohlberg's first two stages, fear of punishment or selfish needs, dictates moral behavior. Intermediate levels, stages 3 and 4, show a progressive shift to a conformity with traditional roles and the preservation of social and legal order — even if the law is clearly unjust. This is the basic flag-waving law and order man. A man like Ronald Reagan. Most religions operate at this level. Morality is determined by an outside authority — God, in the case of Christianity. A person at the fifth stage of moral maturity is usually regarded as a standard liberal. He or she believes that unjust laws must be changed, but stops short of breaking a law. A stage five person works within the system and many of the leaders of national conservation groups would fit into this category. To an individual at the sixth and highest level, universal truths transcend any personal profit motive, adherence to a man-made law or outside authority. A stage six person holds her/himself accountable for his or her personal decisions. They believe unjust laws should be broken. They spike trees.

Ever since Henry David Thoreau wrote *Civil Disobedience*, there has been a stream of conservationists who have said, in one fashion or another, that legislative laws and selfish needs are less significant than universally perceived truths. (Obviously, universal here does not mean that a large percentage of any society perceives these truths, but rather these truths are recognized by some individuals in all cultures and that they go beyond the "socially correct or culturally influenced values." A good example is that almost everywhere there is a recognition of some variation of the "golden rule.") One of which is the extension of "rights" to objects not usually thought to have rights. Many tree spikers would argue that the US Forest Service does not and can not "own" the old growth trees any more than a southern plantation owner could own slaves. They would argue that the Forest Service has an obligation to protect, not destroy, the forests whose fate they control. This is the essence of Aldo Leopold's essay *The Land Ethic*, where he calls for a land relationship which entails not only privileges, but also obligations. With the recognition of rights we treat these things with respect. Other conservation writers such as John Muir, Sigurd Olson, Robert Marshall, Olaus Murie, and David Brower all have written eloquently of the "rights" of trees, rivers, grizzly bears, mountains, meadows, and flowers to exist — regardless of their perceived value to human uses.

As there is a general progression in moral maturity within an individual, there can also be a gradual progression in the overall moral maturity of a culture. At the time of the American Revolution, not all men were as equal as was implied by the Declaration of Independence. It took a civil war to extend certain inalienable rights to all people in our society. Next rights were conferred upon women and other minorities. A wife was no longer thought of as a man's property to do with as he pleased. This recognizition of rights has even been extended beyond the human species. Family pets are now protected from inhumane treatment. The next major extension of rights is to the land. Such an extension does not necessarily involve a belief in mysticism. I have too much of the scientific background in me to genuinely believe that trees, rocks, and rivers have souls. But this is unimportant. What is important is that we treat these objects with the same degree of respect we extend to humans. (Perhaps judging from the way humans treat each other, we should hope for a greater degree of respect.) Land beaters should be no more tolerated than wife beaters.

Nonetheless, tree spiking, like the Boston Tea Party, Civil Rights sit-ins, and other forms of direct action, upset many people. Spiking trees not only upsets loggers, but even many environmental groups speak out harshly against such action as a threat to their credibility.

Most environmentalists fit Kohlberg's stage five level and feel that unjust laws should be changed but that until they are one is obliged to honor them. Kohlberg found that the actions of both stage one or two individuals and those at the highest level, six, could be remarkably similar. Thus tree spiking is either a rebellious action — just for the kicks — at a very low moral level (down with the actions of dirt bikers) or it is an act of the highest moral development. Which it is depends upon the motives of the individual. And because a person from a lower level of moral maturity can not understand the reasoning of a person from a higher level, a law and order stage four person will frequently lump the selfish motivations of criminals with the idealism of a stage six person. To a law and order man, tree spiking is no different than if a person cut down the trees and stole them from the Forest Service.

This leads to one of the greatest dilemmas facing the environmental movement and especially those of the highest levels of thought. If you argue for preservation of wilderness, wildlife, and natural ecosystems because you feel they deserve preservation in and of themselves, regardless of their utilitarian value to humans, you will be inevitably talking only to yourself or to someone else who basically agrees with you. You will do nothing to convince a person from a lower stage in moral maturity that your proposal makes any sense unless you can show how it might benefit him or her, or at least humans in general. So we find environmentalists trying to protect roadless areas by arguing economics (deficit sales) or appealing to self interest or a wide spectrum of society (your elk hunting or fishing will decline), or even pointing out that allowing species to become extinct is irrational because one never knows what value it might have to humanity in the future. A person of the highest moral levels feels distinctly uncomfortable with these arguments, although I'm sure all of us have used them. Yet, it means sinking to their level. It falls far short of really expressing the values and ideals of those people with the highest moral values.

If my application of Kohlberg's theory is correct, then environmentalists will have to re-evaluate their long term goals and their expectations. If you expect to persuade anyone to preserve an area or animal, or to forego development, there may be no choice but to argue economics, self interest, and human use. This does not mean we should lose sight of our ideals or what we are after. In the long run, only a major philosophical shift in values will end up saving anything.

There is also a built-in contradiction in the values of people at Kohlberg's highest stages of development. Since the vast majority of any nation's people operate at lower levels of moral maturity, any action which requires self motivation, self discipline and self direction will usually fail. People of high moral standards are inevitabily surprised by this failure. The problem is that they expect the the same self restraint in behavior from all people as they impose upon themselves. They don't expect cheaters. (If this sounds like elitism, it is. Except that high moral character is available to anyone — if they are willing to accept the risks and make the effort.) A simple example of this can be seen in something trivial like littering. To most people of a high moral level, the idea of purposefully cluttering up a landscape with garbage is unthinkable. No matter how much inconvenience it may entail, a person has an obligation to pack out their garbage and not leave it lying around. This is not done out of fear of punishment or fines. It is not done because friends might disapprove. It is done out of respect for the land and the people who might follow, and a feeling that it is each person's responsibility to leave an area in as good or better condition than found.

One dilemma for people who would to apply universal truths to all situations is that not all people will act in a socially mature manner. Ideally, each individual, not some government or other outside authority, should be responsible for determination of one's own value system. But too few people are willing to formulate their own system of values. Instead they rely upon other authorities (hey, I don't make the rules), or religion (the devil made me do it), or social pressure (everyone else did it too), or just don't care how they may be infringing on the rights of others (go to hell, buddy).

I have no right to force someone to accept my vision of land and human relationship to it. On the other hand, I have an obligation to protect the land from misuse, just as a person has an obligation to protect their family from abuse or mistreatment. Tree spiking may be one way to fulfil this obligation. Yet, tree spiking does infringe upon the desires of the loggers to harvest trees. It may cost some people jobs just as the spouse who steals the drug to save their lover costs the druggist his profit. A tree spiker risks a felony offense to save the forest, not so much for their personal profit, but to preserve the "rights" of trees.

Tree spiking is only a last minute measure: a stalling tactic used to preserve options in the hope that an enlightened citizenry will one day appreciate more fully the need for the conservation of natural ecosystems. Tree spiking may be against the law, it may not be a rational response, but it may be the right thing to do. The right thing to do is to work towards the preservation of wilderness, wildlife, natural ecosystems and freedom. For without any one of these, all the others will be lost.

George Wuerthner is a student of forest ecology, a professional outdoor photographer, wilderness explorer and longtime conservation activist. He is currently crossing the Brooks Range of Alaska.

Devall continued

thought is possibly undergoing a second Copernican revolution where man is removed from the center of the biosphere as he was earlier removed from the center of the universe.

Most of the book is devoted to the events and discussions leading to the famous Stockholm conference on the environment in 1972. That conference advanced human awareness of the bio sphere and produced specific global and regional organizations under the auspices of the UN between 1972 and 1982 which attempted to develop more effective monitoring of global environmental trends and promoted regional treaties and protocols regulating use of oceans, marine resources, air quality and migratory birds.

A large number of governmental and non-governmental organizations now specialize in environmental monitoring

continued on pg 22

Deep Ecology and Life Style

By Arne Naess

It is perfectly meaningful to talk about the lifestyle characteristic of the deep ecology movement. One must only avoid thinking that it is, or should be, a definite, definable, fully coherent way of life, clearly different from all other ways.

There is a great number of definite, more or less easily definable tendencies and attitudes which show themselves in action. Some supporters of the movement seem to reveal many of the attitudes and no tendencies which are in blatant opposition. But one should not look for "complete consistency," whatever that would mean. It would be practically impossible to formulate criteria for a consistent deep ecology lifestyle. Every formulation would have to be vague and highly dependent upon technological idiosyncrasies.

It is agreed that it is important to clarify ecological consciousness. There is, however, always the danger that consciousness only fragmentarily colors action. In Kierkegaard's words, a philosopher may build a castle but himself live in its doghouse.

I have found it most fruitful simply to list tendencies and attitudes characteristic of the deep ecology movement, focusing on Scandinavia, and freely enjoying my own terminological specialities. The order here adopted is not intended to reveal differences of importance, nor does it worry me that some items are overlapping, or that many are related as genus to species, or as family to genus.

1) Use of simple means, avoidance of unnecessarily complicated instruments and other sorts of means.

2) Choice of activities most directly serving values in themselves and having intrinsic value. Avoidance of activities which are merely auxiliary, having no intrinsic value, or being many stages away from fundamental goals.

3) Anti-consumerism. This negative attitude follows from 1) and 2).

4) Endeavour to maintain and increase the sensitivity and appreciation of goods of which there is enough for all to enjoy.

5) Absence or low degree of novophili — love of what is new merely because it is new.

6) Effort to dwell in situations of intrinsic value and to act rather than being busy.

7) Appreciation of ethnic and cultural differences among people, not feeling them as threats.

8) Concern about the situation of the third and fourth world and attempt to avoid a standard of living too much different from and higher than the needy. (Global solidarity of life style).

9) Appreciation of life styles which are universalizable, which are not blatantly impossible to sustain without injustice toward fellow humans or other species.

10) To go for depth and richness of experience rather than intensity.

11) To appreciate and choose, when possible, meaningful work rather than just making a living.

12) To lead a complex, not a complicated life, trying to realize as many aspects of positive experiences as possible within each time-interval.

13) Cultivating life in community (Gemeinshaft) rather than in society (Gesellschaft).

14) Appreciation of or participation in primary production — small scale agriculture, forestry, fishing.

15) Effort to satisfy vital needs rather than desires.

There are tendencies more obviously reflecting the specific tenets of the deep ecological movement:

16) Attempts to live in nature rather than just visiting beautiful places, avoidance of tourism (but occasionally making use of tourist facilities).

17) When in vulnerable nature living "light and traceless."

18) Tendency to appreciate all life-forms rather than merely those considered beautiful, remarkable or narrowly useful.

19) Never use the life-forms merely as means. Remain conscious of their intrinsic value and dignity even when using them as resources.

20) When there is a conflict between interests of dogs and cats (and other pet animals) and wild species, a tendency to protect the latter.

21) Effort to protect local ecosystems, not only individual life-forms, feeling one's own community as part of ecosystems.

22) Not only to deplore the excessive interference in nature as unnecessary, unreasonable and disrespectful, but to condemn it as insolent, atrocious, outrageous and criminal — without condemning the people responsible for the interference.

23) Try to act resolutely and without cowardice in conflicts, but to remain non-violent in words and deeds.

24) Partake in or support non-violent direct action when other ways of action fail.

There are many publicly available sources for the study of deep ecology lifestyles, such as naturalists' and alternative lifestyle periodicals. In Norway the periodical published by the *The Future is in Your Hand* deals extensively with problems of youth seeking to form new life style circles of friends. Perhaps more important is the direct contact with people achieved in direct actions.

In recent years the practical possibilities of a highly developed deep ecological life style have been reduced in Europe by economic policies that ruin small scale enterprises. There is also a dominant tendency to standardize and regulate education and conditions of work. In short, the structuring of society is more detailed, leaving less room for subcultural independence. On the other hand the reaction against this trend is strong. It would have a greater impact if those who support the deep ecological movement were more active politically. There seems to be a 25th tendency, however: to find politics boring or distasteful.

In the 70s, when the movement was new and exciting, there was tendency to be dogmatic: one should use bicycles; one should not go by air. Bears ought under no circumstancess be shot. Hunting, even for ecological reasons, should be avoided. One should not visit non-industrial cultures because it would tend to weaken them. One should avoid every sport requiring mechanical means. Agriculture ought to be biodynamic; no poisons should be used. Etc. Etc. There is today more wisdom, less rigid rules. And the old Indian prayer is taken more seriously: "Great Spirit grant that I may not criticize my neighbour until I have walked a mile in his moccasins."

Arne Naess is the Norwegian philosopher and encironmental activist who coined the term "Deep Ecology."

Editor's note: Bill Devall is working on a new book on practicing deep ecology. Any comments or suggestions from readers concerning their own practice or ideas for changing lifestyles in our society would be most welcome. Send suggestions to Bill Devall, PO Box 21, Arcata, CA 95521.

REVIEWS

The Emerald Forest

The Nearest Thing to a Commercial Earth First Movie

By John Davis

If you plan on seeing any commercial films this summer, see *The Emerald Forest. The Emerald Forest* is an engrossing story of an Amazon tribal group, the "Invisible People," and a white man whose dam-building and forest clearing threaten their harmonious way of life. Ironically, this man's son is discovered and adopted by the Invisible People and becomes great among this peaceful group. The film is striking in its appeal for many of us who belong to Earth First!. The ecological messages are clear: The Amazon's rainforest is disappearing, largely due to development schemes of white people. With the rainforest, wildlife and primal groups of people are being driven to extinction or domestication. This is especially tragic because these primal peoples live in a way much more appropriate for our Earth than our own ways. The photography of *The Emerald Forest* is beautiful, as it was filmed in the Amazon rainforests. The movie includes scenes of primal rituals, hunting, and vision quests. What really makes this a film for EF! folks, though, are the final scenes in which we see monkeywrenching, and a cameo appearance by *Croakus abyssus pisstoffus*. (The appearance of *Croakus* suggests a possible way to deal with Glen Canyon Dam.) If you're a movie-goer, watch *The Emerald Forest* and see if — as its initials suggest — it's a movie to inspire Earth First!

By Patrick Pilcher

GREEN POLITICS: THE GLOBAL PROMISE, Fritjof Capra and Charlene Spretnak; EP Dutton, NY, 1984 $11.95.

In Europe a new political force has emerged called the Greens. This book is an attempt to present an unbiased critique of this new force.

The authors begin by explaining who the Greens are and how they function. By focusing on the organization of the group, a story emerges that has a very human quality about it. The personalities of the leadership are probed and what is revealed also includes the many internal struggles that have taken place concerning which directions the party will take. At times the book seems to bog down in this analysis, but later I realized that by probing these fine details I was able to gain insight into what the party is about and also how the German political process differs from our own.

The founding principles of the Greens include ecology, social responsibility, grassroots democracy, and nonviolence. The concept of deep ecology is discussed and seems to be at the heart of their environmental thrust. By combining several basic principles for proper human conduct, the party has been able to attract a more broad based support, and their tough stance has earned them the respect of a wide range of people.

The authors have gone to great lengths in their research for this book. I was able to learn quite a lot about the party that I had not read before in the US. Our media has portrayed the Greens as a strictly leftist-communist group and therefore has dismissed them as a radical fringe group, but in 1982 the Greens won 27 seats in the German National Assembly and have proven that they have a broad based support in their country.

It would be a valuable lesson for anyone who has an interest in politics and the environment to read this book.

Patrick Pilcher is a professional forester with Lone Pine Forestry Services in Seattle, Washington.

When Life Was Full There Was No History

By Brian Carter

I want to bring attention to a small book that speaks clearly from the ancient past of the balance we as humans must find. By putting our own lives in the proper perspective in relation to each other, we will hopefully find our place on this planet. Earth First! seems very sensitive to this as a broad-based, non-heirarchical movement, and there are in this book a wealth of stories and poems to support and educate us.

The invention of weights and measures
Makes robbery easier.
Signing contracts, setting seals,
Makes robbery more sure.
Teaching love and duty
Provides a fitting language
With which to prove that robbery
Is really for the general good.
A poor man must swing for
Stealing a belt buckle
But if a rich man steals a whole state
He is acclaimed
As statesman of the year.

Hence if you want to hear the very best speeches
on love, duty, justice, etc., listen to statesmen.

This was excerpted from "Cracking the Safe" by Chuang Tzu, written in about the 2nd century BC. Several translations exist, but the one I believe flows best is the book *The Way of Chuang Tzu*, edited by Thomas Merton, the monk and writer (1965, New Directions, 333 Sixth Ave., NY, NY 10014).

Chuang Tzu was a Taoist, so nature figures often in the writings — but it is human nature that is the object of reform here. And let's face it, that's where all the planet's real problems start. The emphasis is always on the proper scale, the correct balance, in this text. If humans don't step out of their place, all will be peaceful — but the proper place is more subtle and simple than we might suppose. Here is a comment that I believe describes the Earth First! movement:

When Life Was Full There Was No History.

In the age when life on earth was full, no one paid any special attention to worthy people, nor did they single out the person of ability. Rulers were simply the highest branches on the tree, and the people were like deer in the woods. They were honest and righteous without realizing that they were "doing their duty." They loved each other and did not know that this was "love of neighbor." They deceived no one yet they did not know they were "people to be trusted." They were reliable and did not know that this was "good faith." They lived freely giving and taking and did not know that they were "generous." For this reason their deeds have not been narrated. They made no history.

I think it's safe to say the only history Earth First! would like to make is a legacy of wild land for the next two thousand years, at least.

By Bill Devall

Lynton Keith Caldwell, INTERNATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL POLICY; EMERGENCE AND DIMENSIONS. Duke University Press, 1984.

Lynton Caldwell is a political scientist specializing in environmental policy and has written several books and articles on American environmental policy previously. In his new book he traces the development of environmental policy as a legitimate part of international politics.

Caldwell briefly outlines efforts over the last century to establish international policies concerning environmental quality. He argues that the emergence of major environmental policy statements and international environmental organizations shows that the human species can learn from experience.

He describes the development of the concept of "biosphere," particularly in the work of Russian mineralogist V.I. Vernadsky, at the beginning of this century, and the spread of the theory that human evolution is moving us towards a species consciousness. Caldwell concludes that a global network of persons concerned with environmental quality has been established and this network is part of the emerging consciousness.

Caldwell says that human social

continued on pg 20

TREE PINNING: The Art of Silent Spiking

By T.O. Hellenbach

Just as spiking is named for the spike-like quality of the fifty and sixty-penny nails used, so "pinning" is named for a lowly steel pin which, buried in the tissue of a living tree, is designed to wreak havoc with the butchering blade of the sawmill. As levels of protective security increase to stem the swelling tide of tree spiking, silent new methods will become necessary for those courageous enough to infiltrate the guarded stands of doomed trees. The loud ring of hammer on spike is replaced by the gentle hum of the cordless electric drill as it creates a small cavity for the secreting of a steel pin.

EQUIPMENT

Because the basic equipment for tree pinning is more expensive than that required for spiking, it is essential to "shop by phone" and get the best price possible. Drill prices, for example, can vary as much as $50 from one store to the next.

Drills: Many models and types of cordless electric drills are currently available, but the best, in terms of torque and price, are probably those manufactured by Black & Decker. Their basic model 9020 sells for from $25 to $40. Its slow speed and limited battery storage capacity allows for drilling 15 to 25 holes, depending on the toughness of the wood. Still, you can buy three or four of this model for the price you'll pay for the vastly superior model 1940 ($80 to $100). The model 1940 will drill twice as many holes as the 9020, and will do it more quickly due to its higher RPMs. It also has a detachable power pack that allows you to plug in a fresh set of batteries as needed. The battery packs range in price from $25 to $50, but you may have to check with a considerable number of retailers to find someone who stocks them on the shelf. Do not order them from the manufacturer unless you can have them shipped to a trusted friend who lives a thousand miles away. Also, never return the warranty registration cards to manufacturers since this creates a paper trail that is of great assistance to Officer Dogooder and his trusty bloodhounds.

Finally, read the instructions that come with your drill and follow them to the letter. This is your best insurance against equipment failure.

Drill Bits: Use only high speed "twist" drills of a type normally used to drill through metal. The flutes and grooves in this type of bit force the sawdust debris out of the hole unlike the wood bit. On the first try, a twist bit can drill a 4 to 4 1/2 inch deep hole. A second effort in the same hole (after clearing out the sawdust) can extend the depth to double this. Usually, however, it is not necessary to drill in more than 4 inches to accomodate a pin of up to three inches.

Apron: A simple cloth apron makes a handy holder for pins of at least two sizes. It also allows you to wipe your gloves clean (of silicon — more on this later).

Pins: At a welder's supply, buy one-quarter inch steel welding rod. It comes in thirty-six inch lengths, two rods per pound, at a dollar to $1.50 a pound. For the sake of variety on different jobs, substitute either the threaded or zinc-coated steel rod found in the hardware section of most lumber yards.

Use a hacksaw to cut the steel rods into three and four inch lengths. This allows you to fit the pin to different hole depths.

Safety Glasses: Buy and wear the simple plastic safety glasses that do not block your side vision.

Rags: Always have plenty of clean rags available to keep your equipment wiped free of fingerprints.

Caulk: Buy a standard caulk gun and tubes of clear silicon caulk (like GE's Silicon II). This keeps it quick, clean and cheap.

PINNING

Pinning is best accomplished by a two-person team using the following five steps:

1) Drill a hole at a slight downward angle in the tree. Your drill bit should be slightly larger in diameter than that of your steel pins.

2) Use the caulk gun to squeeze some clear silicon into the hole.

3) Insert the steel pin. If the hole is four or more inches deep, use a four inch pin. If the wood in a particular spot is too tough, don't force it. Use a three or even two inch pin in a shallower hole. Another piece of steel rod, from 6 to 12 inches long, is used to push the pin to the bottom of the hole. The silicon glues it in place (otherwise a powerful magnet could pull it out).

4) Place another dab of clear silicon at the mouth of the hole. This seals the hole against invasion by bugs or disease.

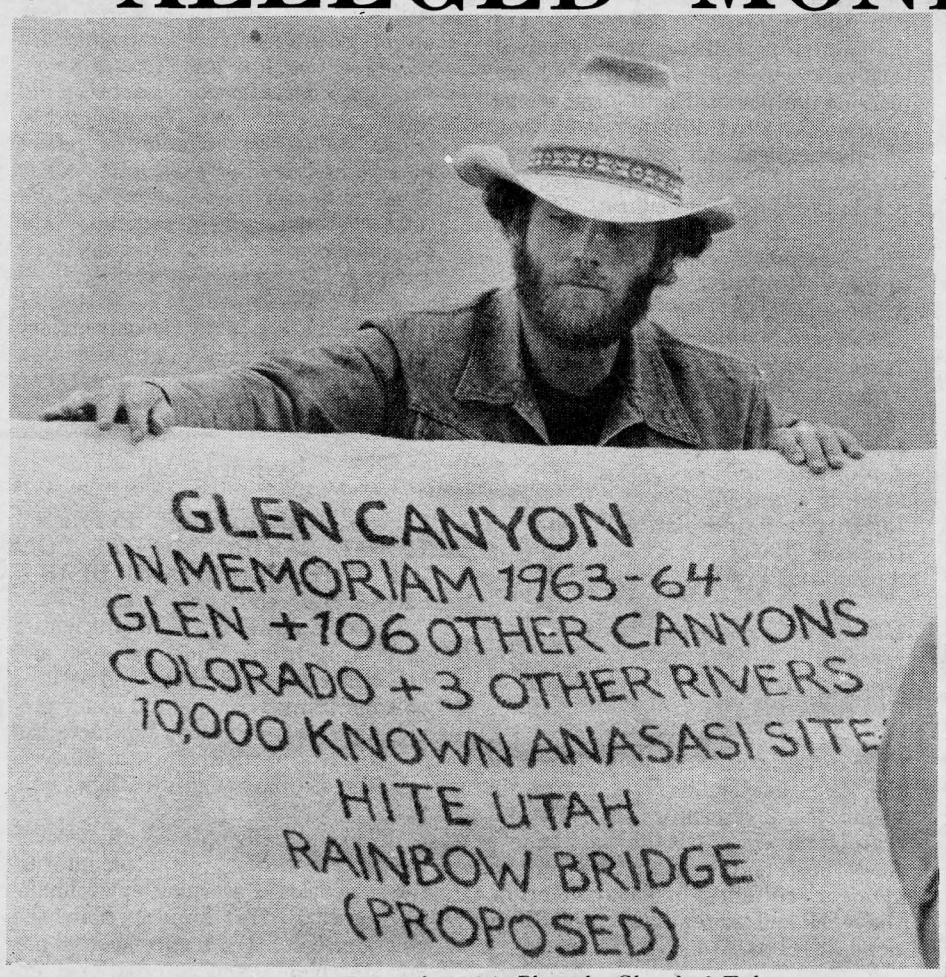
5) Use a chip of bark stuck onto the silcon to camouflage the opening.

TARGETS

Because of the relative silence of this technique, it can be used in patrolling sections of timber slated for felling. You should not limit yourself to standing trees alone, however. Effective monkeywrenching involves examining every step in the processing of old growth timber, from mountainside to mill door. Since metal detectors are often used to locate nails, old fence wire and other scrap metal in logs before milling, observe this process from a safe distance to see if you can infiltrate the work area at night and insert your pins after the metal detection phase. If additional silence is necessary, switch to a brace and bit (a cranklike hand drill available at all hardware stores). This entails more manual labor, but you're not going to need to pin fifty logs. Six to a dozen will do quite well. Make sure you remove any telltale shavings or sawdust that can reveal your activities.

Editor's note: This technique, either with a battery-powered drill or the old-fashioned hand-powered brace and bit, has even greater promise if a pin that will not register on metal detectors can be developed. Are there metals (brass, for example) that will not trigger a metal detector? Are there ceramics with high enough shear strength to destroy sawmill blades that could be inserted into trees in this manner? What about rock cores from a drill rig? Any suggestions would be welcomed.

WOLKE BUSTED FOR ALLEGED MONKEYWRENCHING



Howie Wolfe at Glen Canyon Funeral, 1984. Photo by Clenched Talon.

Howie Wolke, a co-founder of Earth First!, was arrested last month by a hatchet-wielding Chevron Oil Company survey crew guard, for allegedly pulling out survey stakes on the site of a planned road in the Bridger-Teton National Forest. After spending one night in jail in Pinedale, Wyoming, Wolke was released on his own recognizance. A preliminary hearing date has not yet been set.

For the past two months, Chevron (with the blessing of the Freddies) has been attempting to build a road into the Grayback Ridge Roadless Area so that they can drill for natural gas on a timbered ridge above Cabin Creek. In a recent decision, Forest Supervisor Reid Jackson decided to keep most of the new road open for future use (logging, drilling, etc.), instead of ordering the complete reclamation and restoration of the roadbed after drilling had been completed. The Sierra Club and the Jackson Hole Alliance had requested complete reclamation of the roadbed, in return for not opposing the well, which they felt they could not legally stop. Supervisor Jackson never even considered denying the application to drill in this sensitive, unstable, and wildlife-rich area.

Chevron's road project has had its problems. Last May, the entire 4.5 mile road corridor, including the drill site location, was de-surveyed. Chevron claims that the mile and a half of stakes that were pulled out on the day Wolke was arrested will take at least 2 weeks at a minimal cost of $750 per day to re-survey. Wolke is currently being charged with Destruction of Property, a felony punishable by a maximum of 10 years in the slammer.

The Grayback Ridge Roadless Area, although shrinking each year, still consists of about 200,000 acres of some of the best wildlife habitat and wildest country in the Central Rockies. Local conservationists and outfitters have been trying for years to defend this superb wilderness (home of black bear, deer, elk, moose, bighorn sheep, mountain lion, coyote, lynx, martin, etc.) from the ravaging onslaught of the Forest Service, big oil, and Louisiana-Pacific.

Said Wolke: "Of course I don't participate in illegal activities, but as long as the Forest Service and their corporate cronies continue, in blatant disregard of law, morality, and public opinion, to ravage our public lands, there are going to be people — lots of them — defending the land in any way that they can. That's just a simple statement of fact."

Editor's note: Your financial help is urgently needed to help defend Howie from these charges. Contributions can be sent to the Howie Wolke Legal Defense Fund, Box 7058, Jackson, WY 83001.

Devall continued

and policy formation. Caldwell provides a helpful glossary of these organizations and offers an appendix listing international events of significance for protection of the biosphere from 1945 through 1983.

Caldwell notes that the United States moved from a leadership role to an adversary role in the international environmental movement after the election of Ronald Reagan as President in 1980. In 1982 the United States cast the only "no" vote in the UN General Assembly on the "United Nations Charter for Nature." Caldwell blames the change in administration in the USA and the poor diplomatic planning for the introduction of the Charter for Nature to the UN General Assembly for the ineffectual results of the international environmental movement in the 1980's in comparison to the 1970's.

Caldwell acknowledges many obstacles to effective international cooperation to maintain the life support systems of Earth, but on balance he concludes that ". . . experience in the organizational and technical aspects of environmental protection and management have been increasing." And there is widespread public support for maintaining environmental policy.

His overall assessment, however, is that there will be a net loss of many species in the decades ahead and almost certain deterioration of environmental quality unless there are massive changes in human perception, values and social behavior during the next few decades.

Generally speaking, governments — especially the United States government — do not have environmental issues high on their list of priorities for attention.

The central question for the environmental activist is how to stimulate government leaders and agencies, especially in the USA and USSR, to consider environmental issues, how to keep these environmental issues at the center of the political agenda until effective approaches to the problems are accepted by the government and how to mobilize the wide public support for environmental protection into effective political action.

Professor Bill Devall teaches at Humboldt State College, Arcata, California, and is the author, with Prof. Geroge Sessions, of the book ***DEEP ECOLOGY*** *which is available from Earth First!.*

DOWN IN THE SLEEPY VALLEY, THE SAWMILL DEVOURS THE LAST OF THE OLD-GROWTH FOREST...

HUMMMMMMMMMM

SUDDENLY

CHUNG !!!

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

DAMMIT!

I WANT HIM STOPPED! BRING ME THE-

T. O. HELLENBACH'S

BLADE RUINER

©85 - BY ANTAEUS

AFTER YEARS OF FRUITLESS COURT BATTLES, THE ANCIENT FORESTS STOOD DEFENSELESS AGAINST THE RAVENOUS LOGGERS. WELL, ALMOST. MEN AND WOMEN BEGAN DRIVING METAL SPIKES INTO THE SACRED TREES. LATER, AT THE MILLS, THE STEEL SPIKES STRIPPED THE TEETH OFF OF THE SAWBLADES. REWARDS WERE OFFERED... FOREST RANGERS PROWLED THE DARK WOODS...

DISGUISED AS HIKERS AND HUNTERS.

FROM DANGER-CAME CAUTION.

BECAUSE OF THE PATROLS, SILENCE WAS ESSENTIAL. THE OLD HAMMER AND SPIKES HAD BEEN REPLACED BY...

A BATTERY-POWERED CORDLESS ELECTRIC DRILL WITH A 3/8's IN. TWIST DRILL BIT...

WHIRRRRRRRRR

A SQUEEZE OF CLEAR SILICON CAULK TO CEMENT A 4-IN. PIECE OF 1/4-INCH...

SQUIRT

STEEL WELDING ROD DEEP IN THE TREE, CAREFULLY PUSHED INTO PLACE...

TAP!

TAP, TAP!

FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER LITTLE DAB OF CLEAR SILICON.

A SMALL CHIP OF BARK IS PRESSED ON TO CONCEAL THE HOLE.

AFTER PLANTING OVER A HUNDRED PINS AND USING UP SEVERAL BATTERY PACKS, THEY HIKED TO WHERE THEIR PACKS WERE CACHED.

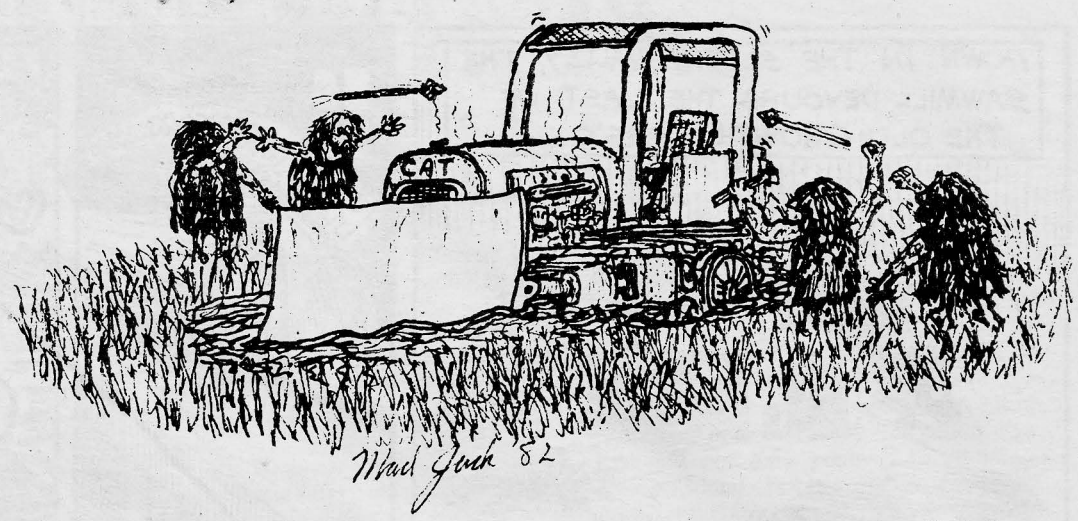
LOOKING LIKE INNOCENT HIKERS, THEY SLIPPED AWAY OVER BACKTRAILS.

SOON AFTER DUSK, ON A ROADSIDE MILES AWAY, A CAR STOPS AT A CAREFULLY SELECTED SPOT. EMERGING FROM THE SHADOWS, THE BLADE RUINER AND HIS COMPANION CLIMB IN FOR THE LONG DRIVE HOME.

THE END

DEAR NED LUDD

DEAR NED LUDD is a regular feature in *Earth First!* for discussion of creative means of effective defense against the forces of industrial totalitarianism. Neither the Earth First! movement nor the staff of *Earth First!* necessarily encourage anyone to do any of the things discussed in DEAR NED LUDD.



FIRE STOPS LOGGING

By Johnny Fireseed

(Editor's note: We recently received this article in the mail from an unknown source. To say that it presents a controversial thesis is a gross understatement. We have all grown up on the myth of the evil forest fires and the valiant campaign of the Forest Service to put them out. We do not recommend starting forest fires to save forests from logging. Nonetheless, we have decided after considerable reflection that this technique deserves a forum. Comments on the desirability, safety or efficacy of this extreme form of monkeywrenching would be appreciated.)

One of the best ways to save forested non-designated wilderness from the rapacious influence of the Forest Service's timber management program is to burn it down. By burning the timber off the land, the Freddies are effectively stopped from building roads and selling the timber to loggers. By the time the trees grow back into merchantible-sized timber, new attitudes might prevail which value wilderness more than money-losing timber sales.

A hundred years ago, prior to the establishment of the Forest Service, natural wildfires were an important ecological force in almost all forested regions of the West from the Mexican border to the subarctic. In many low elevation areas, fires burned at intervals of ten years or less (the California coastal chaparral, for example). Even in moister forests at higher elevations, fire intervals of 50 to 80 years were common.

In reponse to these frequent fires, many plants and animals have modified their behavior or reproductive strategies to take advantage of fires. Hence there is thick bark on Ponderosa pines to protect the mature trees from all but the hottest fires. Lodgepole pine cones open only after a fire has heated them. Aspen roots in the forest floor put forth shoots that grow into trees after the fire has eliminated conifers or old aspens. Animals from grizzly to elk prefer to forage on plants stimulated to growth after fires.

To anyone trained in fire ecology and with a knowlege of how the West once was, the forests of today are sick. They are dense thickets overgrown with too many spindly trees. They need to be thinned and cleansed by fire. Healthier forests will result.

As a result of prolonged fire suppression, many forested areas are suffering from disease and insect infestations. The major outbreaks of mountain pine beetle now spreading throughout the lodgepole forests are the results of fire suppression which allowed vast areas of lodgepole to grow into overstocked stands which are weak and susceptible to insects and disease.

The Forest Service uses these insect outbreaks as an excuse to log, when they in fact created the conditions which contributed to the insect outbreaks by eliminating fires from the landscape. For instance, the Wasatch National Forest in Utah is planning to log the north slopes of the High Uintas this summer to rid the lodgepole of disease. All of these timber sales are money losers and are aimed at presently roadless country adjacent to the High Uintas Wilderness. The best thing anyone could do protect the area and to save taxpayers' money, would be to burn it down.

Many of the largest designated Wildernesses in the Rockies reflect their past fire histories. Much of what is now the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness in Idaho burned during the great fire of 1910. So little commercial timber was left that little opposition to Wilderness protection for the area was later expressed by either the Freddies or timber beasts. If this area had not been burned so extensively, I suspect that we would not have a one and a half million acre Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness today.

Since the forests of the Rockies and elsewhere are adapted to recurring fires, they will eventually recover from any fires (and certainly will recover much better than they will from clearcutting and other multiple abuse). Hopefully, when you puposefully help Mother Nature in her attempts to recycle nutrients and create a forest mosaic of variously aged trees of different species, you will also delay destruction by roads and logging. If you want to save threatened roadless areas — burn them.

Make no mistake, however. This is potentially very dangerous activity. Do not step blithely into the role of Johnny Fireseed. If you are caught, you will face serious criminal penalties.

Pre-select your target areas. There is no sense in risking your life and liberty setting fires in areas which are already roaded. Find out which roadless areas are going to be sold for timber and concentrate your fire efforts there.

Study the manuals on fire fighting and fire behavior. Investigate the fire history and ecology of your particular forest type and area. You want your ignition to be effective so you must know as much as possible about fires. Most lightning or man-caused fires simply go out — the majority never burn more than an acre, even if the Forest Service leaves them alone which they generally do not.

Try to make your fire to appear to be natural. Do not leave oil soaked rags as evidence. Don't set fires in valleys — lightning strikes ridges and peaks. The best method is to hike into an area during a storm and torch it off. Not only will the storm winds help fan the falmes, but your fledgling fire will likely be ignored until it gets off to a good beginning because other lightning caused burns may be monopolizing manpower and equipment.

Limit your fire starts to very dry conditions. If your fire smolders and doesn't burn hot enough, it may only kill the trees without burning them up. Then the Forest Service may salvage log the area and road it anyway. Of course, if the area was already scheduled to be roaded and logged, you haven't lost much by trying to prevent it.

If you really care about wilderness and wildlife, never travel without matches. When the conditions are right, do your part to save America's remaing roadless areas by burning down the trees before the Freddies can cut them down.

Hands-On Forest Planning

By Dave Foreman

Every National Forest is currently working on a Forest Management Plan. Without exception, these Plans are blueprints for destruction: roads, clearcuts, oil & gas leasing, carte blanche to the dirt biker/4WD huns, devastation of crucial wildlife habitat, decimation of riparian areas. The Forest Plans represent the final mopping up phase of the United States Forest Service's war against wilderness on behalf of their bosses — the Industrial Plutocracy. Environmental groups on the national, state and local levels are focusing on the Forest planning process. They are preparing detailed economic analyses, alternatives for balanced management, appeals, lawsuits, pleas to Congress for remedial action, press releases, and public education campaigns. (Even Earth First! is engaged in this reform process — see the various articles we've published on individual Forest Plans.) But to what avail is all of this sincere effort? If the upper echelons of the Forest Service had any pride remaining, they would be crushed by the detailed criticism their plans receive at the hands of forest economist Randal O'Toole, for example. But there is no pride left in the top levels of the Forest Service. They are the plump eunuchs of the giant timber and energy corporations, and they run the National Forests like harems for these arrogant sheiks. Even creative demonstrations such as Earth First!ers have organized on the Bighorn, Texas and Tongass National Forests don't stop the shameless Freddies. In response to the long-suffering and courageous blockades and tree-sitting actions in Oregon, the brutal Freddies girdle the trees in which Earth First!ers are sitting in order to kill the trees out from under their protectors.

What to do? How can wilderness and wildlife lovers do more to halt the destruction machine of the United States Forest Service?

It's time for "Hands-on Forest Planning."

Get a copy of the Forest Plan for the National Forest(s) in which you are interested. Sit down with a map of the Forest and draw the visionary Wilderness boundaries you think should be established. Identify the existing roads that should be closed. Pinpoint sensitive wildlife habitat, riparian zones and other areas that need protection. Using the Forest Plan, locate the proposed roads, clearcuts and other Freddie assualts planned for the Forest. (See "An Earth First! Guide To National Forest Planning" in the June 21, 1985, issue of *Earth First!* for more background.) In essence, develop your own management plan for your National Forest — a visionary, not a pragmatic, Plan. Don't bother to write anybody letters in support of your Plan. Simply implement it yourself.

ECODEFENSE: A Field Guide To Monkeywrenching can be your technical Forest management manual in the implementation of your Plan. Study it carefully. Don't take chances. You will be breaking the laws of the Plutocracy and they will punish you if you are caught. If there are existing roads in the larger Wilderness Areas you have designated in your Plan, close them. They may be rebuilt, but close them again. Where new Freddie roads are planned in your protected areas, pull survey stakes, harass construction and tear them up as they are built. Identify the planned clearcuts in your areas and begin spiking them years in advance of "harvest" if possible. Are important wildlife areas left open to vehicle abuse? You can make it decidely unpleasant for these soft yardbirds on their substitute phalluses, and in effect shut down such areas to ORVs.

If you decide that "Hands-on Forest Planning" is your approach (and only you can make that decision for yourself), be prepared for a long and grueling campaign. It will not be easy. It may be dangerous. But if enough Earth defenders are willing to take personal responsibility for the defense of our National Forests, the juggernaut of land rape can be forced out of millions of acres of wild country.

(Of course, the above is not meant as encouragement for anyone to do anything illegal. In the good, old-fashioned American tradition, that is an individual decision.)

Road spiking.

BULLDOZERS INTO BOAT ANCHORS

By The Phantom Valve Lapper

I was recently enjoying lunch with some boltweevils and what do you know, monkeywrenching became the topic of conversation. It seems the Mr. Goodwrench section could use some information on one of the miracles of abrasive technology, valve lapping compound.

1. Valve Lapping Compound

In the automotive trade there is a substance known as valve lapping compound. It is used for finishing the surface of valve seats in engines. This substance has the most incredible abrasive characteristsics. It consists of small particles of "carbide," an extremely hard substance, suspended in a paste that is soluble in oil, water, and liquid fuel. Valve lapping compound can be obtained at almost any auto supply store. It comes in a tube like toothpaste, it's cheap, easy to conceal and a little goes a long way.

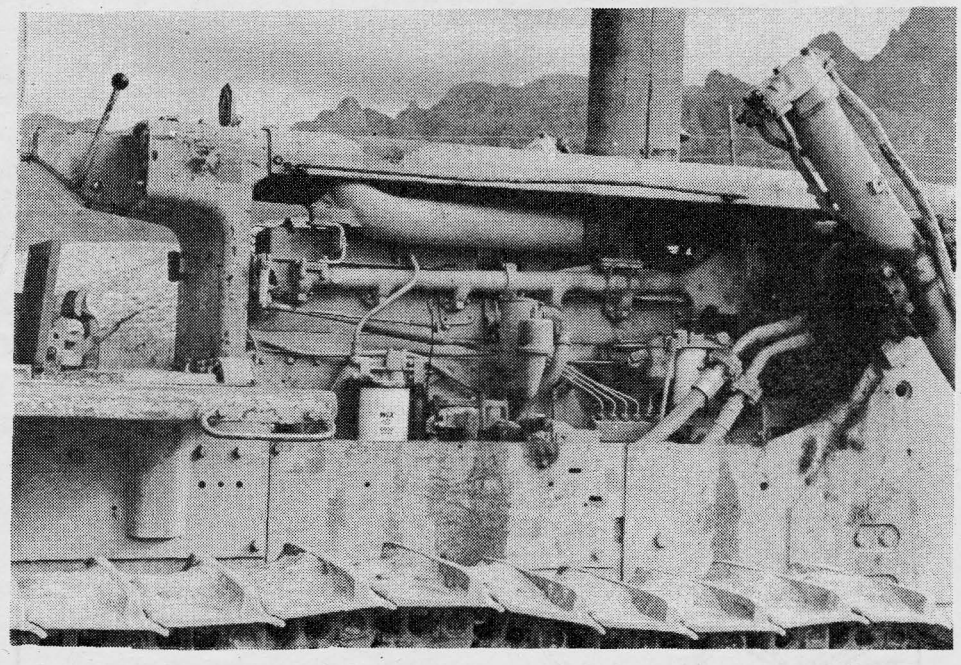
2. How to Turn Any Internal Combustion Engine Into a Boat Anchor.

Engines live on oil: gear boxes, transmissions, hydraulic systems, and transfer cases all need a constant supply of clean oil.

Let's just suppose some deranged individual squeezed a tube of valve lapping compound into the hole where you add oil in a D-9 Cat that was sitting on the side of a mountain. This person also squeezed a tube into the hydraulic reservoir of this Cat. Now wait for a day or two and you will find a high altitude boat anchor, weighing several tons, on the side of that mountain.

This procedure will work on cars, trucks, boats, chainsaws, and a vast array of earth destroying equipment. Just squeeze it into any hole where liquids go. The time it takes for meltdown or lock-up depends on the type of engine, the amount of abrasive material, and how long the engine has run. By the time detection takes place, it's too late. I have personally witnessed a Mercedes Benz transform into a very expensive boat anchor in 2 1/2 days.

keep up the good work, and happy hunting.



Bulldozer engine begging for valve lapping compound.

PLUTOLATRY OR SHEER MISOBIOTISM?

A Practical Addendum to the Controversy

We are aware that there is a wretchedly persistent, virulent epidemic disease afflicting all mature aggregations of dendrophytes along the Pacific Coast of North America — and indeed, throughout the world. Epidemiological investigation has established, in fact, that the most virulent and contagious form of the disease arose through rapid technological mutation in our Pacific Northwest area, less than three decades ago, and was disseminated through commercial transportation channels to the currently affected areas around the globe. The most unfortunate offical indifference to prophylactic and quarantine measures obtaining over the period has led to a situation reputable analysts predict will leave no major populations of mature dendrophytes on the planet by the year 2000 CE, a mere four quadrennia from today, with scientifically impressive and ecologically untoward consequences for climate, soil fertility, planetary biological reserves and the like.

This ominous situation deserves our serious attention, says Dr. H.M. Dendrophilos, PhD, TE, of California. An ounce of prevention, the good doctor has stated, is worth a pound of cure; and he has successfully employed injections of a common substance — iron — in working with dendrophyte populations of *Sequoia gigantea* in his area, a species as highly susceptible to the disease as our own *Psuedotsuga douglasii*. By inserting long, pointed, cylindrical pellets of the substance, readily available commercially without prescription, at an acute angle well below the epicambrial protective sheath of the organism, in two or more closely spaced vertical rows extending well above and below the site of the initial lesion, the doctor has succeeded in frustrating the attacks of the disease organism (*Petroleomechanus arbivoris*) for extended periods. The doctor has identified large areas in California, Oregon and Washington where prompt prophylaxis of this sort might well have prevented the disease entirely, and has expressed hope that a sufficiently extensive application of his treatment to the unaffected areas still existing in the Pacific Northwest, by concerned volunteers, might show rapid results and encourage similar efforts around the world to retard and eventually halt the spread of this disastrous contagion.

-Amanda Arboris
Forks, Washington
("Logging Capital (sic) of the World")

THE DEEP ECOLOGY SOUNDTRACK
Part 2: Let the Animals Sing

By Lone Wolf Circles

One reason I paint is in hopes of raising people's awareness of the wilds and the wild in them, to increase sensitivity and incite defense. This is a motive shared by the creators of music integrating the sounds of nature. From an old Wolf poem:

Even fools step lightly
Once aware
It's their mother they step on.

Fine art in paintings as well as music, like wilderness itself, is uncompromising in both originality (diverstiy) and statement. Commercially successful music usually caters to masses anxious to conform, tastes to be fed a glossy, overmanaged, superficial fare that reflects their carbon-copy lives. Packaged music is prepared with the same mentality that gives us clearcuts and tree farms. Against this billboard backdrop lesser known artists of every imaginable musical style are releasing more diverse quality than ever before in history. A few of these musicians are pioneers in exploring the meanings of intelligence and spirituality in relationship to the rest of creation, and armed with lyrics and the plaintive voices of singing nature.

There comes a time when a child runaway discovers that wildlife doesn't mean using park benches for bonfires, pursues coyote howls after the parties seem dull. A song was playing by Judy Collins called "Farewell to Taiwathe," featuring the high melodies of the humpback whale. I felt the chills I get when I smell a bear at midday or dream the touch of an Indian princess. How could they drive to extinction such chanters from the deep?

Whales now hold the distinction of being the most popular back-up species. A most beautiful example is the use of whale sounds at the end of the electric-harp album "Caverna Magica" (Andreas Vollenweider, CBS 37827), when the classical-jazz-ethnic fusion ends by pulling you into the depths. Paul Horn's "Haida" (on the album "Inside the Powers of Nature," Golden Flute 2006) is composed over recordings of a male killer whale in a gilded cage at Sealand in Victoria, British Columbia, on an effort that includes his lilting and dancing flute above the sounds of rain, rivers, ocean, lovers, babies, wild birds . . . .

In this spirit of "New Age Music" (a term for the innovative compositions blending several styles, and still too much of a label for the artists so described), Paul Winter has made great contributions. His some fifteen albums play with the concepts of spirtuality and the living planet. The 1982 double album "Gaia" (Living Music C2) may be the most glorious effort of the Paul Winter Consort. A collection of songs arranged in a primitive-new age mass, much of it was recorded in the reverent accoustics of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It is no doubt my shortcoming that much of the heavy choral and organ sounds remind me of why I ditched Sunday School, probably the result of too much Merle Haggard and barefoot on my river.

The Consort uses a recording by Michael Fox to set the mode in "Kyrie," the instructive howl of the lone wolf. Winter's floating sax riffs in "Return to Gaia" represents a man on a space walk looking longingly back at the Earth Mother, building to a climax and the welcome home by a slowly calling loon. A humpback recording by Roger Payne had a particular repeat pattern of notes that the Consort's Oscar Castro Nevas punctuates on guitar with a Brazilian "Baiao" rythym.

Perhaps if we named it we'd treat it better,
Stop gouging it out and mucking up its veins,
plaster no more concrete on its skin,
Name it for a goddess, we might honor it even.
- Evelyn Ames

There's also a choral adaptation of the song "Seal Eyes" originally found on Winter's sea animal album "Callings" as the formal "Agnus Dei," and listening carefully you can hear the voices of harp seals on the ice of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Winter belongs, along with James Lovelock and Gary Snyder, to the board of directors of the Lindisfarne Association (RD #2, West Stockbridge, MA 06759) among whose goals are the "resacralization of the relations between nature and culture" and operates the "Living Music Society" (Box 68, Litchfield, CT 06759) which strives to explore and implement "the ways in which music can enhance the lives of human beings and awaken a spirit of involvement in the preservation of wildlife and the natural environment."

One song on "Missa Gaia" came from a recording session at the bottom of the Grand Canyon for Winter's album "Canyon." On "To the the Beauty of the Earth" we hear a wren's tumbling song as performed with the Consort instead of being overdubbed.

Here lies the frontier where man plays in direct interaction with the animals, not merely recording over them. On "Natural Rythyms" Ancient Future manipulates a rich variety of western and eastern instruments, weaving intricate melodies. On some cuts these intwine with the songs of Balinese tree frogs as they record in the jungles of Bali. The slow reptilian rythym stops at the first sound of strings and percussion, then slowly returns in a style reminiscent of African and Haitian call and response. This is sensitive music in live interaction with a fellow species.

At the forefront of such explorations is Jim Nollman and the organization "Interspecies Communication" (8556 Sand Point Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115). I first heard about Jim years ago when he received nationwide attention for his attempts to use warning sounds to frighten off dolphins from the scene of a yearly slaughter by competing Japanese fishermen working the Iki Islands. This vision is of music as interspecies communication, and ultimately as a tool for altering man's destructive course, as a teacher of interdependence.

On the album "Playing Music With Animals," a certain vocal pitch of "Froggy Went a'Courtin'" sets off 300 turkeys evey time. A human howl becomes indiscernable from the responding wolf pack. Jim plays with Killer Whales (actually large social dolphins) both through underwater speakers and also by stroking a floating "Waterphone" while hanging from it in the middle of the swimming giants.

The cassette-only recording "Orca Project '84" continues this exchange. A statement by the director of the Japanese Whaling Association to the effect that "unshakable proof of communication is the only thing that will make us quit whaling" is fairly answered by the human-Orca exchange in which the water mammals not only respond but instruct their human playmates.

It is only one step from dialogue to understanding. One giant step.

Next time we search out the country in "Country-Western." Step *outside* to the music . . . .

Lone Wolf Circles is a mountain man, artist, poet and Earth First!er living near the Gila Wilderness in New Mexico. He writes a regular column on music for this newspaper.

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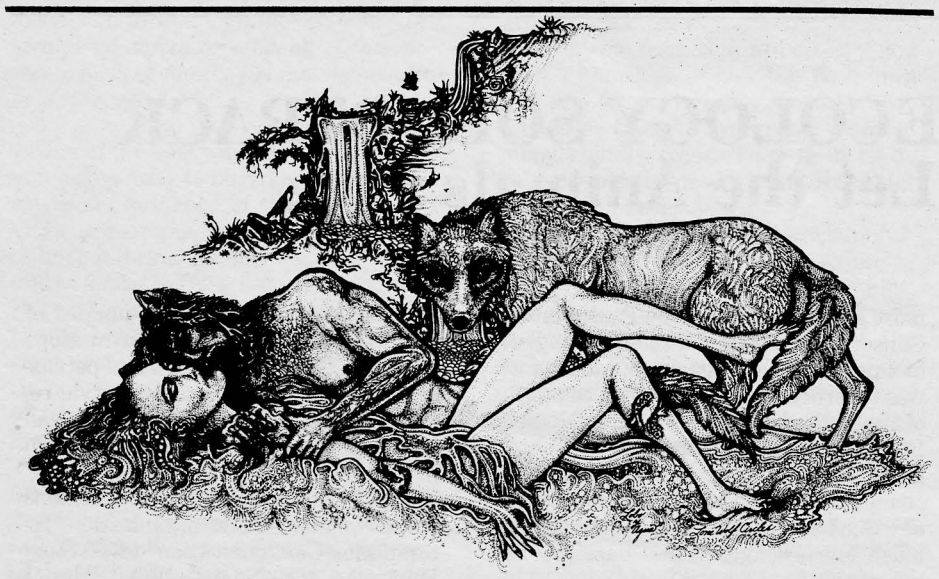

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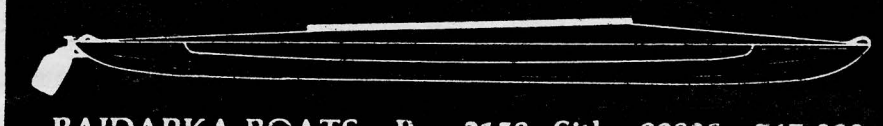

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YULE Dec. 21, 1981 (Vol. II, No. II) First Earth First! Road Show; Oil Leasing in Wilderness Areas; EF! Preserve System; Many early photos of Earth First!.

BRIGID Feb. 2, 1982 (Vol. II, No. III) Earth First! by Dave Foreman (reprinted from *The Progressive*); letters from *Progressive* readers; Oil Leasing in Wilderness Areas.

EOSTAR March 20, 1982 (Vol. II, No. IV) Mardie Murie Interview; Canyonlands Nuke Dump; EF! meeting in Eugene.

BELTANE May 1, 1982 (Vol. II, No. V) Little Granite Creek Drilling Controversy; GO Road; John Crowell; Western Civilization by Chim Blea; Monkeywrenching Seismo Crews; Jail: A Primer.

LITHA June 21, 1982 (Vol. II, No. VI) Little Granite Creek; Moab Roads a BLM WSA; Chim Blea on Babies; Dinkey Creek & McKinley Sequoias; What To Do as an EF!er; Caribou in Maine.

LUGHNASADH Aug. 1, 1982 (Vol. II, No. VII) Rendezvous at Little Granite Creek; Dustrud Resigns as *EF!* Editor; Gary Snyder on Violence; Canyonlands Nuke Dump; Little Granite Survey Stakes Pulled.

MABON Sept. 21, 1982 (Vol. II, No. VIII) ***Out Of Print***

SAMHAIN Nov. 1, 1982 (Vol. III, No. I) BLM Rotten in Utah by Clive Kincaid; Ed Abbey on Books & Gurus; Bob Marshall's 1927 Inventory of Big Wilderness; Dear Ned Ludd/Closing Roads; Foreman Runs for Sierra Club Board; Mama Rue on Samhain; Bill Devall on Nuclear War; Foreman on Endangered Species & Wilderness; How To Do An EF! Wilderness Proposal.

YULE/BRIGID Dec. 21, 1982 (Vol. III, No. II) Salt Creek Blockade; Nightcap Blockade in Australia; Bisti Mass Trespass; Howie Wolke on *Real* Wilderness; Ned Ludd/Closing Roads; Foreman on Primeval Wilderness Management; Bill Devall on Earth Bonding; Foreman on Books; Ed Abbey on Pigs; Mama Rue on Yule; Wilderness & the Bible; Juniper Chaining in Utah; Bisti.

EOSTAR March 21, 1983 (Vol. III, No. III) Franklin River Blockade in Australia; Salt Creek Blockade; GO Road and Bald Mt Road; Chim Blea on Domestication; Howie Wolke on RARE III; Bisti Circus; Deciduous Forest Ecosystem Preserve; Nightcap Blockade Photos (Australia); EF! White Cloud Wilderness Proposal(Idaho); Ned Ludd/Cutting Torch; Howie Wolke on the Wilderness Act; Road Show Diary; EF! in Sonora; Spurs Jackson on Books; Ed Abbey on The Big Woods; Navajo Sam; Nagasaki Johnson on Tactics; Mama Rue on Eostar; Creative Littering.

BELTANE May 1, 1983 (Vol. III, No. IV) Bald Mt Blockade; GO Road; Howie Wolke on Moderation; EF! Wyoming Wilderness Proposal; Canyonlands Nuke Dump; Maze Tar Sands; EF! Smashes Earth Last!; Ned Ludd/Helicopters; California Desert Sellout by BLM; Otter G'Zell on Whales; Mama Rue on Beltane; *Reenchantment of the World* Review; John Seed on Australia Rainforest Direct Action; Bigfoot Interview.

LITHA June 21, 1983 (Vol. III, No. V) Wilderness War in Oregon; Bald Mt Blockaders' Personal Accounts; Mama Rue on Summer Solstice; EF! Wilderness Preserve System and Map; Head of Joaquin on Utah; EF! Glen Canyon Demonstration; Franklin River Victory in Australia; Ned Ludd/Radios; GO Road Stopped; Reform of the Forest Service; Ed Abbey on Conscience of the Conqueror.

LUGHNASADH Aug. 1, 1983 (Vol. III, No. VI) Bald Mt Road Stopped!; Round River Rendezvous; Marcy Willow: You; Chim Blea on Population Control; Photos of EF! Glen Canyon Demo; The Endangered Rainforest by John Seed; Watt Enters Coyote (A Greek Tragedy) by Marc Brown; John Seed on Anthropocentrism; EF! and Dignity; Mama Rue on Lughnasadh.

MABON Sept. 21, 1983 (Vol. III, No. VII) ***OUT OF PRINT***

SAMHAIN Nov. 1, 1983 (Vol. IV, No. I) Sinkyone Redwood Blockade; EF! National Forest Campaign; Rainforest Burgers by Roselle; Bald Mt in Retrospect; EF!: The First 3 Years (with many photos); Howie Wolke on the Forest Service; *Conservation Biology* review; The Battle of Salt Creek (an epic poem) by Marcy Willow; Watt's Last EIS.

YULE Dec. 22, 1983 (Vol. IV, No. II) Forest Service Attacks Wilds, National RARE II Suit, DARN Report, Wolke on the Forest Service; EF! Utah Wilderness Proposal; EF! Ishi Wilderness Proposal (California); How To Do An EF! Wilderness Proposal; Ed Abbey in Utah; EF! Black Rock Desert Wilderness Proposal(Nevada); Sinkyone Struggle; Greenpeace in Siberia; *An Ecological & Evolutionary Ethic* Review; Coors "Beer;" Chim Blea on the Humanpox; Ned Ludd/Vehicle Modifications.

BRIGID Feb. 2, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. III) Oregon RARE II Suit; EF! Idaho Wilderness Proposal; Tuolumne; Forest Service Arrogance; Ned Ludd/Smoke Bombs; Head of Joaquin on Trapping; Coors in Shenandoah.

EOSTAR March 20, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. IV) Burger King Protest; Shipwrecked Environmentalism; Solomon Island Rainforest Action; Bald Mt Road Crumbles; Southern Utah Wilderness; Dave Brower/Muir's Disciple by Bill Devall; Ned Ludd/Tree Spiking & No Evidence; Mama Rue on Enlightenment; 1984 Road Show; Photos of Daintree Buried Protestors.

BELTANE May 1, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. V) Cabinet Mts Grizzlies & Mining; Forest Service Appeals Form; Wolke on the Role of EF!; EF! Owyhee Wilderness Proposal(Idaho, Oregon & Nevada); Angel Dusting Grizzlies; Middle Santiam; Colorado Recreation Dollars; EF! Arizona Wilderness Proposal; Arctic Wildlife Refuge Violated; Bolt Weevils; Devall on the Australian Environmental Movement; Ned Ludd/Survey Stakes & Disabling Vehicles; Deep Ecology & Reproduction; Save the Tuolumne Rally.

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LUGHNASADH Aug. 1, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. VII) Middle Santiam Blockade; EF! Occupies Montana Senator's Office; North American Bioregional Congress; Round River Rendezvous; Montana on Civil Disobedience; Petroleum Conflicts with Wilderness Analyzed; Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About The Forest Service Part 1 by Bobcat; Sacred Cows; Foreman on Professionalism; Hunting Wild Life; Devall and Sessions on the Books of Deep Ecology.

SAMHAIN Nov. 1, 1984 (Vol. V, No. I) EF! Occupies Regional Forester's Office (Oregon); Hardesty Avengers Spike Trees; Old Growth Rally; "What Do You Expect To Accomplish?"; Cop Raid on Bald Mt; Your Taxes Destroy Rainforest; Down (With) The Amazon; Green Politics; Elfbusters; Roxby Downs in Australia; Wilderness — the Global Connection; Ned Ludd/Water & Machines; Forest Service Appeal Form; Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About The Forest Service Part 2 by Bobcat; Direct Action by Devall & Sessions; Gary Snyder: Song of the Taste; Beyond Sacred Cows; Stiles in Defense of Dogs.

YULE Dec. 21, 1984 (Vol. V, No. II) Texas Wilderness Logged; 30,000 Miles of Road in RARE II Areas; Bridger-Teton Forest Supervisor; Alaska: Kadashan, Denali, & Johnny Sagebrush; Middle Santiam Trials; Japan Grizzly; German Nuke Dump; Chipko; Solomon Islands Rainforest; Daintree Rainforest Buried Protest; Environmental Professionalism Discussion; 1984: Wilderness Boom or Bust?; A National Range Service; Non-Game; Devall on Whither Environmentalism?; Cecelia Ostrow on Deep Ecology; Hardesty Mt Tree Spiking; Ed Abbey on *Ecodefense*.

BRIGID Feb. 2, 1985 (Vol. V, No. III) Meares Island; Military Land Grab in West (Supersonic Overflights); Mission Symposium; FS Employment Tyranny; National Park Mining; Florida Panther; Shooting Wolves from Air; Cathedral Forest Petition; North Kalmiopsis; Criticizing the Environmental Movement; End of the Yellowstone Grizzly?; In Defense of Western Civilization; Stop Planting Trout; Ned Ludd/Bigfoot.

EOSTAR March 20, 1985 (Vol. V, No. IV) Rocky Mountain Gas Drilling; EF! Gives DOE Nuke Waste; Montana Wilderness Demos; Yellowstone Grizzly Management; Texas Demo; Rainforest Report; Swedish River; Wayne NF; Southern Utah; King Range; Arctic NWR Desecrated; Joseph Canyon; John Day Mining; Great Exchange; Acid Rain; In Defense of Humor; Wolke on Hunting; Nagasaki on Symbols & Lifestyles; Biocentrism of Western Civilization; Ned Ludd/Advanced Billboarding.

BELTANE May 1, 1985 (Vol. V, No. V) Yellow stone's Watergate, Snowmobiles in Yellowstone, Alabama Wilderness, Denali Mine, Grand Canyon Mine, Middle Santiam, Welfare Ranchers, Great Exchange, Welcome to Earth First!, Critters Protest Bighorn Forest Plan, RNR Management, Beaverhead NF, Pine Beetles, African Parks Poisoned, Real Environmental Professionalism, Dark Side of Wilderness, Review of *Fragmented Forest*.

LITHA June 21, 1985 (Vol. V, No. VI) Road Frenzy, Tree Climbing Hero, Old Growth Actions in Oregon, EF! Guide to NF Planning, Aircraft in Grand Canyon, Mt. Graham Observatory, Jarbidge Elk, Hells Canyon, Grand Canyon Mine, Rainforest Insert & Ten Questions, King Range, Mike Frome on Fat Cat Conservationists, Review of *Meeting the Expectations of the Land*, Review of *In the Rainforest*, Strategic Monkeywrenching, Advanced Tree Spiking, Tyrone (WI) Nuke.

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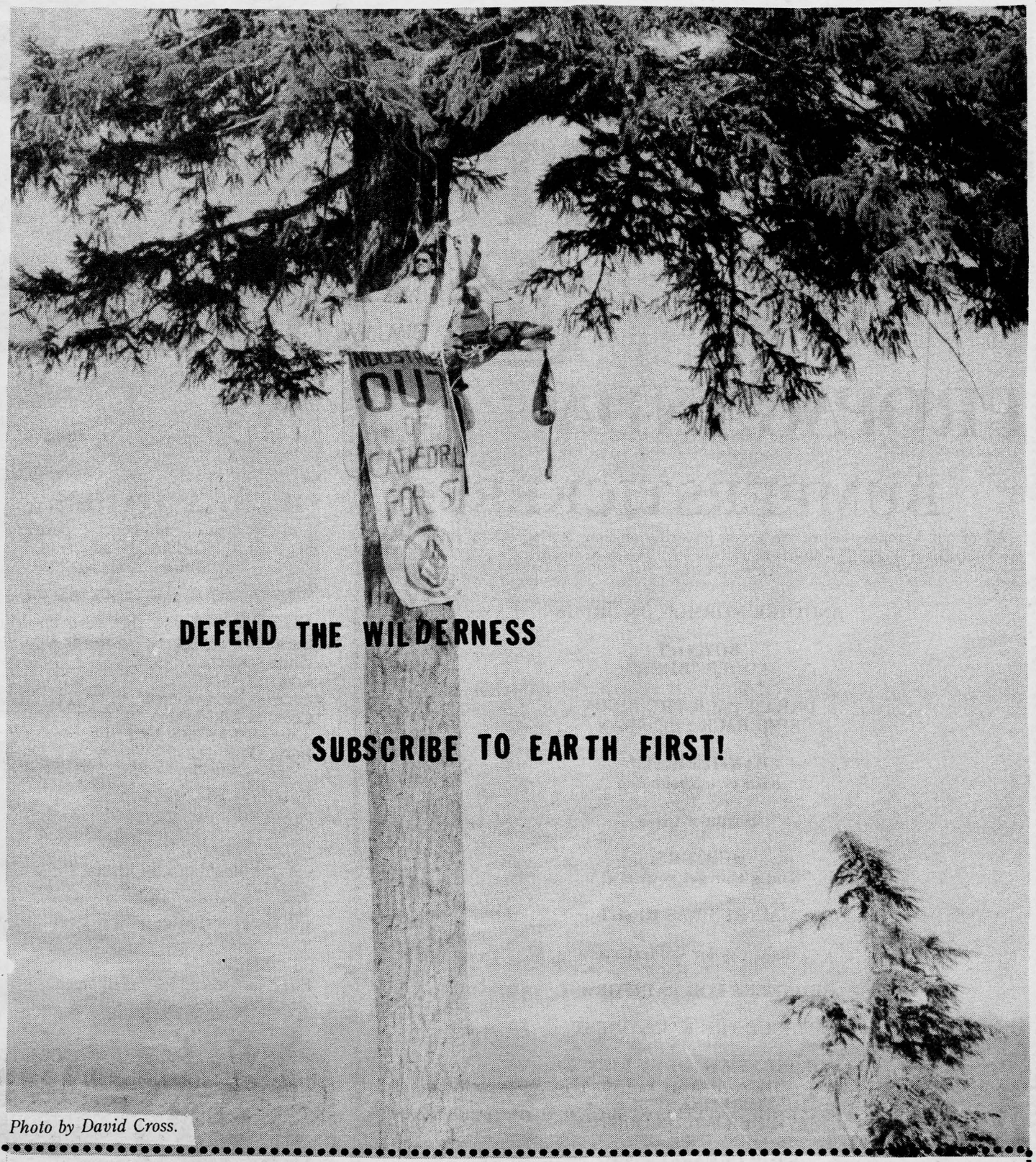

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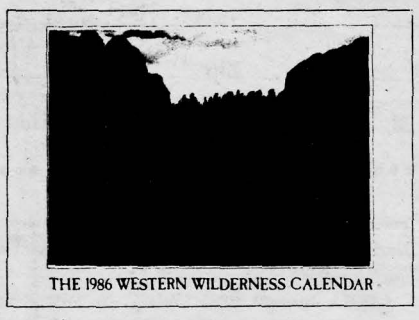
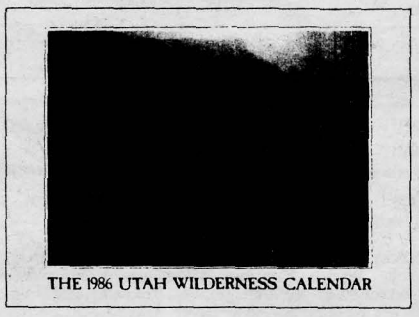


The fifth edition of the *Western Wilderness Calendar* celebrates the diverse beauty and intriguing mystery of the western American landscape in thirteen wilderness photographs. It is annotated with visionary statements from the works of Mary Austin, D.H. Lawrence, Robinson Jeffers, Ellsworth Kolb, along with quotations from Barry Lopez, Edward Hoagland, John McPhee, John Graves, William Least Heat Moon, and others. Packed with an eclectic mix of important and trivial dates as well as occurrences, holidays and events you're likely to have heard of, and a wealth of wilderness lore, the *Western Wilderness Calendar* has firmly established a unique place in the calendar market.

horizontal wall calendar. Large 14" x 10" size. Large grid with room for personal notations. ISBN: 0-942688-22-8. Illustrated by Jim Stiles. Available June 1, 1985.

THE 1986 UTAH WILDERNESS CALENDAR

The spectacular beauty of Utah's wilderness featured in a new full-color horizontal wall calendar!



Dream Garden Press is pleased to announce the inaugural year of *The Utah Wilderness Calendar*. Few places in the world have such incredible geologic and geographic diversity and beauty as does Utah. From towering granite peaks to the scorching Bonneville Salt Flats; from the slick rock of Zion National Park to the sandstone spires of Bryce Canyon, *The 1986 Utah Wilderness Calendar* is a beautiful tribute to the almost surreal landscapes and awesome spectacles of Utah. Designed to be used for personal notetaking, it is a large 14" x 10" horizontal wall calendar with a six-month (July—Dec. 1985) poster inserted.

. 15 full color photographs. Annotated. 14" x 10".
ISBN: 0-942688-24-4.

Features 6-month insert for July-Dec. 1985!

DREAM GARDEN PRESS

THE 1986 BIG BEND, TEXAS CALENDAR

Brand New for 1986!
A full-color wall calendar of the glorious scenery of Big Bend National Park, Texas.

Produced in cooperation with the Big Bend Natural History Association, this large (14" x 10") horizontal wall calendar portrays the exceptional scenic beauty of Big Bend National Park, the majestic gem of the Rio Grande. Unsurpassed photographic reproduction coupled with fascinating graphics and literary lore of that historic area make this calendar a prize for those interested in the history and natural history of Texas. Featuring a six-month poster insert (July—December '85), this calendar will set a new standard for photographic interpretation of Texas wilderness.

., 14 x 10, 15 full color photographs, black & white photos and illustrations. Available May 1, 1985. ISBN: 0-942688-29-5.

Features 6-month insert for July-Dec. 1985!

THE 1986 YOSEMITE! CALENDAR

The second annual best-selling full-color calendar featuring one of our best-loved National Parks.

The highly successful *Yosemite! Calendar* returns for its second annual appearance featuring 15 photographic interpretations of that magical place, plus 19th century stereoviews, woodcuts, and other illustrative matter. Annotation includes significant dates in the history of the Sierra Nevada, information about and ancient lore of native Indians, and moving passages from the pens of John Muir, Clarence King, Frederick Olmsted and others instrumental in preserving the Yosemite Valley. From granite cliffs and spires to meandering streams and thundering waterfalls we explore this national treasure photographically and historically, and so present a living vision of this land of subtle beauty and majestic grandeur.

10" x 13" vertical wall calendar with 15 full color photographs. With six-month 1985 poster calendar.
ISBN: 0-942688-23-6. Available May 1, 1985.

Features 6-month insert for July-Dec. 1985!

SNAKE OIL

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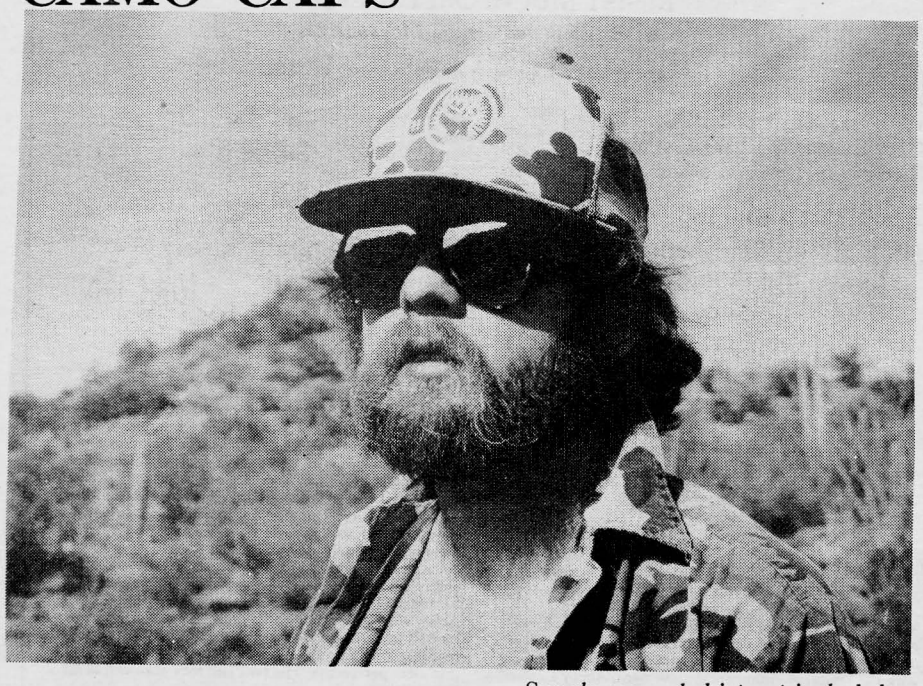

Sunglasses and shirt not included.

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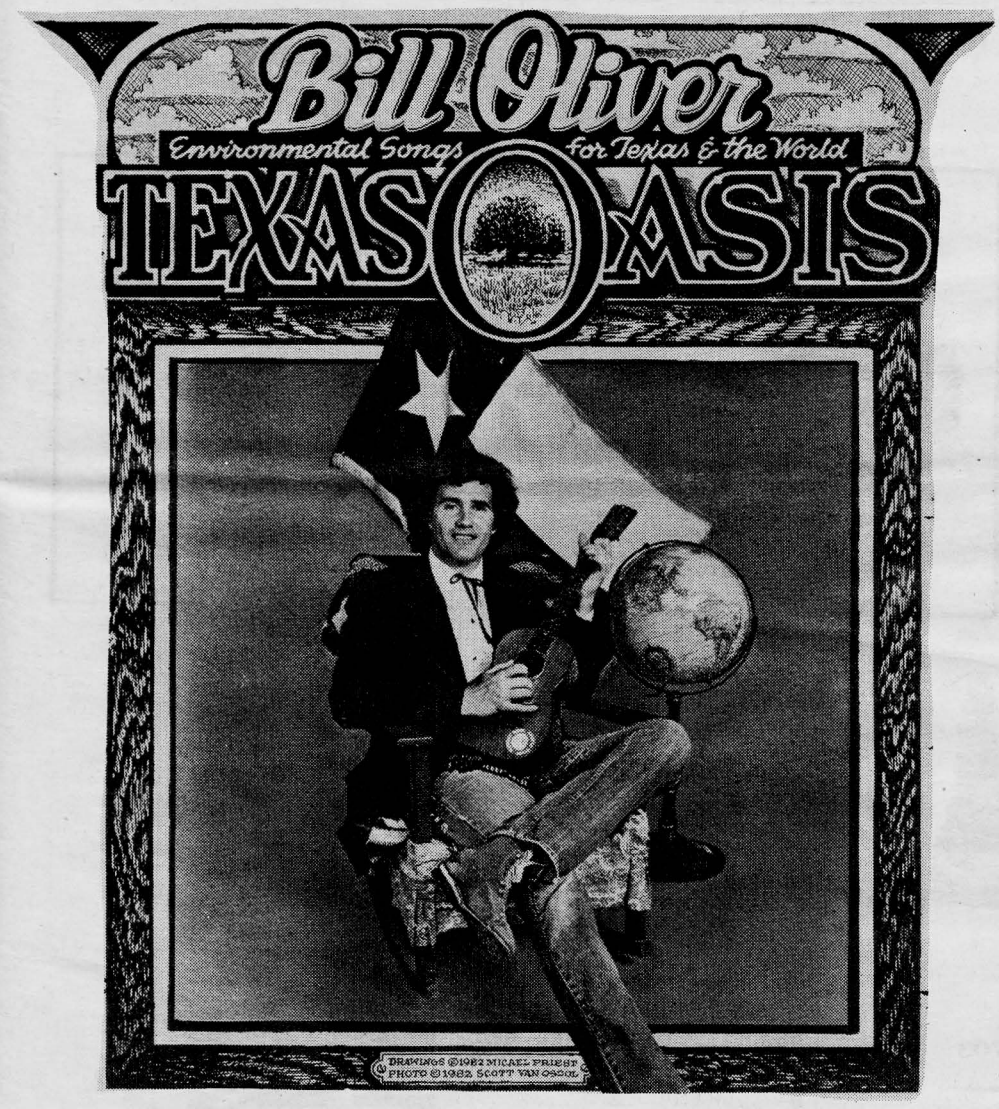
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TEXAS OASIS
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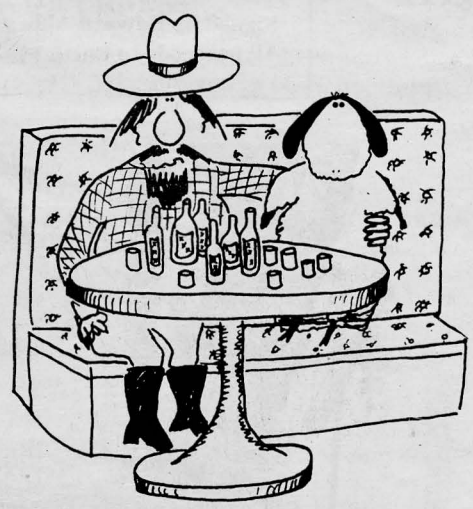

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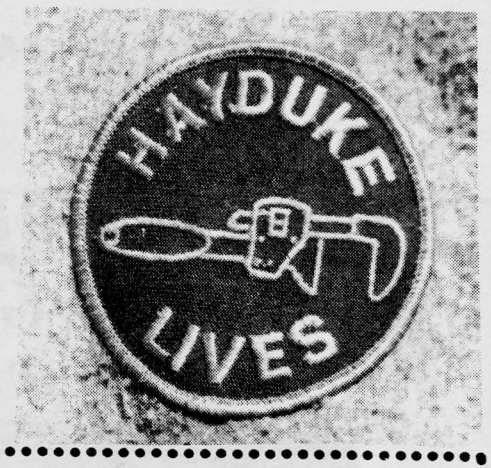

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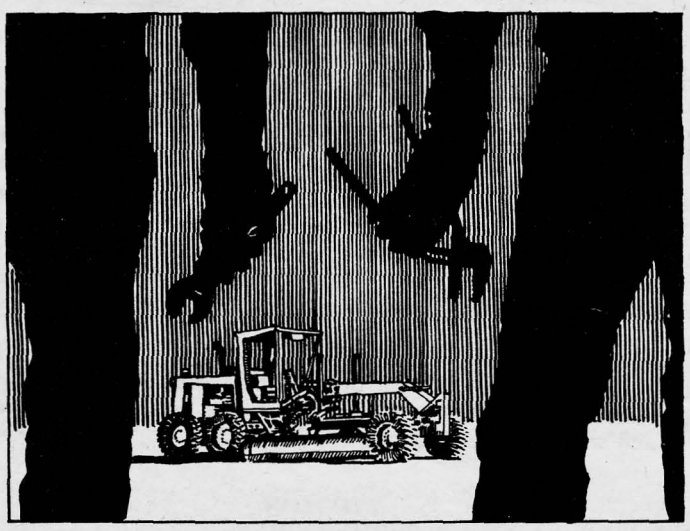

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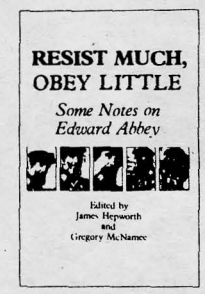

Edward Abbey can boast of professional success. He has achieved wide fame as an author of novels and essays and has been accepted by the Eastern literary junta as a rare Western specimen worthy of some notice. He is visible as a champion of many causes, a few of which dismay his staunchest fans. Clearly identified with the radical environmental movement, Abbey's *The Monkey Wrench Gang* has contributed the symbol (the monkey wrench), the tone (outrage tempered with humorous detachment), and the character types (George Hayduke, Seldom Seen Smith, Bishop Love) for the next battle for the soul of the American West. But have these activities been a hindrance to genuine appreciation of Edward Abbey, the writer?

Resist Much, Obey Little is a straightforward, simple collection of pieces that deal with an artist and his work. It is intended for Abbey's audience, those who read him for pleasure *and* insight, not academic rumdumbs. The contributors' goals are the same as Abbey's: to amuse and to edify. Abbey's writing moves the reader. These pieces are similarly inspiring. Wendell Berry, William Eastlake, and Barry Lopez tell us why they believe Abbey to be important. As careful, intelligent writers themselves, they elevate Abbey above the debates that rage about him. Richard Shelton, Nancy Mairs, and Robert Houston, among others, discuss specific aspects of Abbey's work and relate those issues to the whole. Gary Snyder and Sam Hamill take him head on and thereby spell out Abbey's underlying ethos. In addition, Abbey speaks for himself in several wide ranging interviews. The result is a readable, unpredictable first effort at putting Ed Abbey into clear perspective. His fans and foes alike will benefit by reading it.

cloth, 5½ x 8½, 144 pp. ISBN: 0-942688-16-3.
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8

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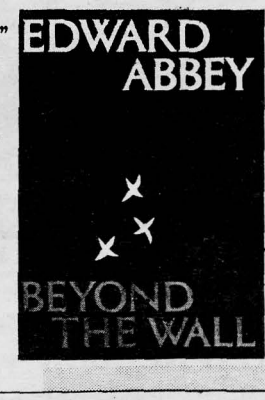

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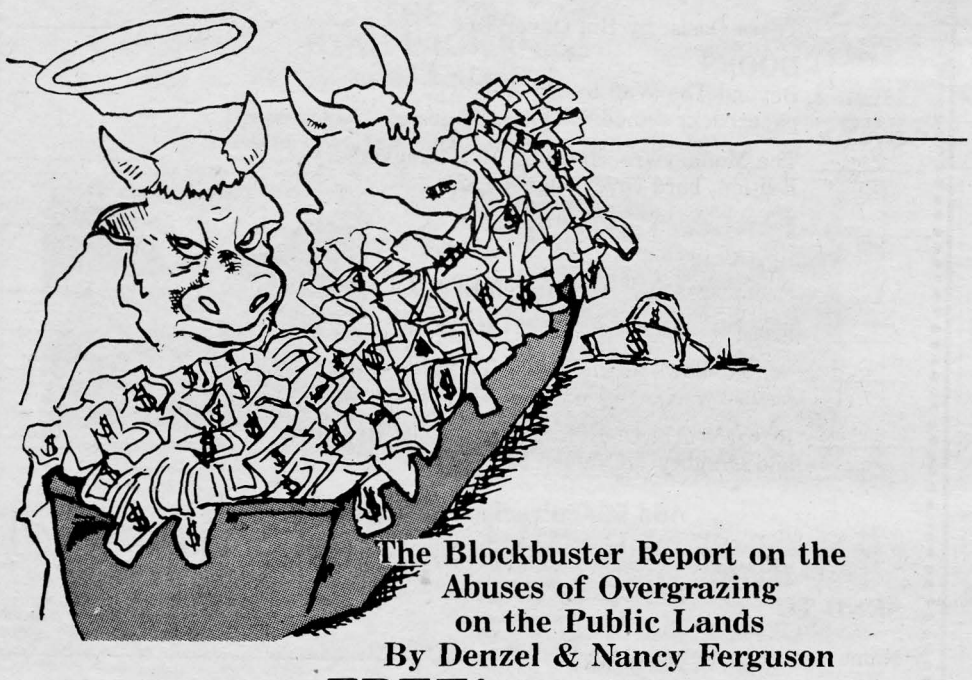

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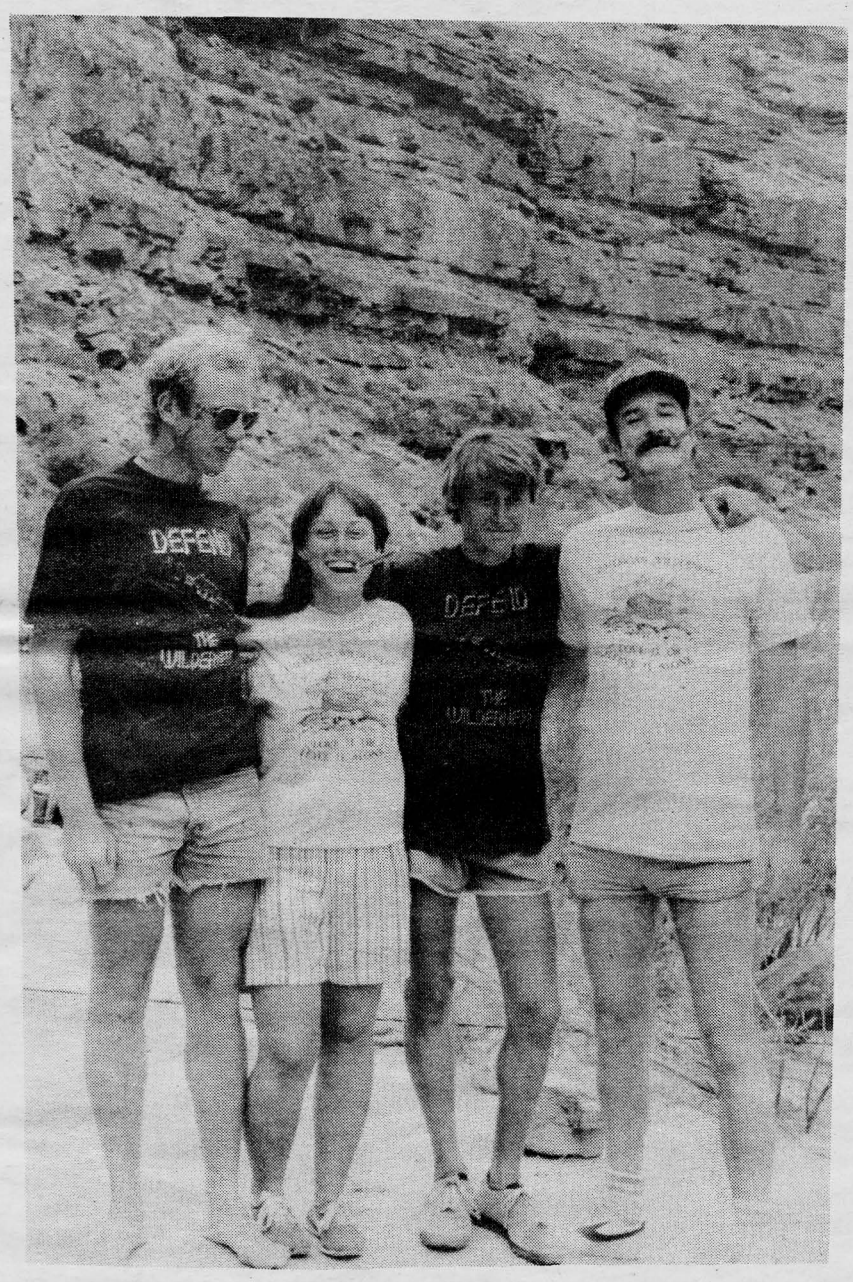

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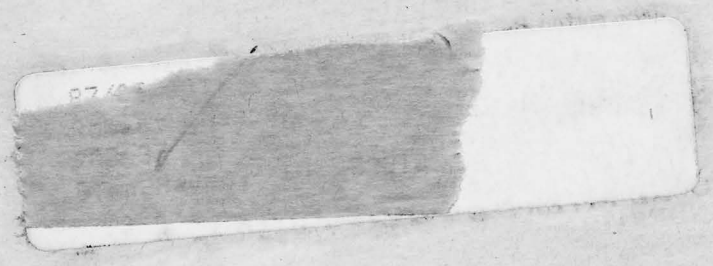

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